Path Leading from the Doctor"s House to Orangeman's Hall and Church on Hill

Frontispiece.

Work and Play in the Grenfell Mission

Extracts from the Letters and Journal of

HUGH PAYNE GREELEY, M.D.

and

FLORETTA ELMORE GREELEY

Introduction by

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1920, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Printed in United States of America

MAR 13 1920

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

©CI.A566122

Dedicated to the memory of
Dr. Harrison Briggs Webster,
the "Bunty" of this book,
who fell in France, Oct. 7, 1918.

A firm friend,
A skillful surgeon,
A brave soldier.

INTRODUCTION.

STILL frozen in, and with the ice in the bays broken by a heavy sea in a late blizzard, and the rivers swollen and dangerous from a sudden rain and "mild," we are completely cut off from the world. I am therefore obliged to write a foreword for Dr. and Mrs. Greeley's book without the pleasure of making myself familiar with the contents.

Dr. and Mrs. Greeley worked in conjunction with us in our endeavor to solve the problem of the "wounded man" on a coast where a Good Samaritan is badly needed, and without whom he must lie untended. A skillful physician himself, together with Dr. Harrison Webster, a surgeon of very considerable ability, they started and practically built with their own hands not only the clinic, but the actual hospital at the little village of Pilley's Island. It is the centre of many thousands of fishermen, who had sent a deputation North to ask us to try and arrange for them a somewhat similar help to that which was being given by our hospitals.

As the people of Notre Dame Bay are among the friends whom I have most learned to love and respect I personally owe to Dr. Greeley and his wife a very great debt of gratitude for the good

work which they did there. The keen minds of both Dr. and Mrs. Greeley, endowed with all the blessings of modern civilization, should certainly qualify them to write a book of intense interest on their somewhat unique experiences. We shall all be grateful that they have decided to produce a permanent record, which will be welcomed not only by ourselves, but by the large public everywhere interested as they now are in "those who do business in great waters."

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

CONTENTS

I. We Begin Our Honeymoon..... 9
II. Pains and Pleasures..... 30
III. Work and Play..... 50
IV. We Prepare for Winter..... 78
V. A January Christmas..... 99
VI. On Dog Teams and Snow Shoes..... 121
VII. We Welcome a Stranger..... 142
VIII. Out Through the Narrows..... 170
Appendix..... 179

I

WE BEGIN OUR HONEYMOON

On Board Steamship Florizel, sailing from New York to St. John's.
Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

I NEVER imagined how truly delightful this trip by water would be! We were prepared for any sort of accommodation but instead we have all the freshest of fresh air possible, a place to walk and to read and write, a piano to play and books of songs for Bunty and Hugh to roar out to my accompaniment, a table whose excellence I can't praise too highly and a comfortable berth to withdraw to whenever one is seized with a sweet disposition of sleep.

Of course you are wondering whether we have been sea-sick; Bunty and I have been enjoying all day, my unpremeditated pun of "A green and sickly Hugh" at breakfast, though the poor victim has not entirely appreciated its humor. I didn't feel quite as I do on land myself, so we spent most of the morning in our stateroom, which has a window opening on the deck, enjoying the delicious sea air and reading Lorna Doone with much pleasure. We were both equal to a good dinner, and afterwards took a brisk walk on deck, followed by a reading of Kipling's

verse by Bunty and more Lorna Doone, while sitting in a sheltered and sunny nook "up aloft" somewhere. The only signs of life we have seen on the ocean—the beautiful ocean—today, were two white gulls which flew after us for some time, but scorned to alight on our rigging even though we are about eighty miles from land. This is the first time I have ever been surrounded by "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink," and it is certainly impressive to me to think that I am at last really "out on the boundless deep." I keep running to the port holes to look out and assure myself that the ocean is still there. The boys just called me to look out at the wide path of silver light which the moon is spreading on the waves, and the air is so filled with the smell of the sea that Bunty thinks we must be near the gulf stream with its warmer water. We passed some glorious square rigged ships and graceful schooners yesterday, and Oh, I never can tell you how I felt when I saw the Statue of Liberty watching us out of the harbor! You remember in "The Melting Pot" how the Jewish emigrant made us all shed patriotic tears when he said that the Statue of Liberty kept calling to his oppressed people, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden!" Well, it may sound sentimental without the footlights and scenery, but I was quite sure from her gesture that she was telling us, "Go forth and spread my light, you that have known it in America!" I hope that

we can realize some of our ideals in the north, for we are all so filled with the joy of living that we can hardly wait for the opportunity to pass on some of our good fortune to others.

Hugh is so anxious to have me go out on deck and see the moon, that I shall wait 'til tomorrow to thank you all for your dear letters and tell you what was in our packages. How I wish you were all with us, to share in this wonderful experience!

Morning, with a long night's sleep behind and a beautiful day ahead. When I woke up and looked out our stateroom window, I saw low, rocky hills covered with evergreens, and leafless trees that looked purple beside them. It was the coast of Nova Scotia, and the steward told us that we should reach Halifax in about two hours. We are now lying at the docks, where we shall stay until tomorrow night at least, loading twelve hundred barrels of flour for St. John's.

There are one or two items of news that I didn't have time to write last night and which I'll add before posting this: While Hugh and I were rhapsodizing over the impressiveness of the Statue of Liberty at New York, Bunty came up behind us and remarked glumly, "There's old Lib handing out the ballot box to people that don't deserve to have it." It makes such an effective anti-climax that I felt you ought not to miss it.

The waiter in the dining room says "very well" in such a delightfully cultivated way that I feel like ordering everything on the bill of fare to make him repeat it. I said this morning that I wanted to embrace him each time he said it, at which Bunty remarked, "Well, Jeff, we've got our cue." Bunty, you have probably guessed, is an ideal traveling companion, and I can see why Hugh is so fond of him. He is the soul of unselfish thoughtfulness, and as good natured as the day is long. We all enjoy everything in just the same way, and three happier voyagers it would be difficult to find.

We set our watches an hour ahead at Halifax, and shall gain twenty-eight minutes more at St. John's. Thank you very, very much for the letters, which were certainly a joy to read. I was very grateful, too, for the package mother sent, and for the beautiful parka therein contained. Bunty took great pleasure in seeing Hugh's admiration of me in it. Several of my pupils and other friends had written me letters, so that with those from home we had about twenty, and they were certainly a feast for the soul. We felt warmed through by the loving good wishes everyone sent; how many lovely people there are in the world!

My heavy suit and flannel waist and leather coat have all been most satisfactory, and I feel perfectly prepared for this climate. It has not been very cold, but enough so to make warm clothes and exercise necessary to comfort.

I think I have told you all the most important things, though I know I shall remember more as soon as I've mailed this. My mind is so full of new impressions that I can't arrange them very clearly.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
May 15, 1911.

The Florizel reached St. John's harbour last night after we had gone to bed, but I got up and looked out of the window, and there a most beautiful sight met my eyes: A dark, high cliff rose up to the full moon which was flooding the water with light, and down in the shadows at its foot twinkled countless lights from the fishing boats moored there in the darkness. How I wish for you all at every turn! Mother would be so carried away by the wild beauty of this country that I feel she ought to be here in my place. Yesterday we sailed all afternoon along the high rocky coast of Cape Race, with irregular mountain ranges rising behind, and great white patches of snow lying in the hollows of the hills. Then imagine my feelings when the purser went through the saloon saying, "Iceberg off to starboard, sir!" We all hurried to the windows, and there in the distance was a great white mass moving majestically along over the blue sea. It was full of suggestion of the silent polar regions with their "glittering ice fields" and I felt as though I had been introduced to the North Pole. We saw several more during the afternoon, some of them

near enough for us to catch the delicate green and blue that the sunlight gave them. Then the boys called me out to look at a fleet of fishing boats all starting out together. I wish I could give you an idea of their beauty as they came swiftly over the waves with their brown tanned sails spread to the wind,—on either side of the mast of most of them, for they were running before the wind,—and their prows rising and falling most gallantly. It seemed very cold to be going out in such small crafts, but the men on deck waved to us heartily, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying their trip. When we came up after supper they were lost from sight, but a few white gulls flew after our boat, and far out on the horizon two gray schooners moved dimly against the clouds. "Glories upon glories hath our God prepared" for those that go down to the sea in ships.

We reluctantly left the comforts of the Florizel this morning and had our "luggage" moved to a hotel of which this writing paper is an excellent symbol. However, it's neat if a trifle gaudy, and we shall get along very well until Wednesday morning when the Prospero leaves for Pilley's Island. Our baggage was passed through the custom house like lightning, as soon as H— pronounced the magic words "Grenfell Association." "Oh, very well," said the officer, "we won't give you any bother at all."

After making arrangements at the hotel, we went down to interview the Honorable Some-

thing, who is some sort of Government dignitary here. Very English, very affable, very chatty: "You'll find the people at the Island a very decent sort, oh very decent, but very Irish and with the faults that the Irish have; extremely poor, but with it all extremely wasteful. It's an excellent field for mission'ry work in the teaching of common sense."

I left the Doctors this morning seeing about the freight while I walked along the principal business street, the one with real cement sidewalks instead of dirt paths, to find the post office. I was told the Boston mail leaves here Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and reaches there five days later, so we can't expect very rapid communication, I fear.

St. John's reminds me a little of a mining town in northern Michigan, only it's much larger, and has some very good sized churches and government buildings. Most of the work wagons are made of planks nailed together with cross pieces and fastened on to wheels, and they certainly look primitive with the driver sitting as though he were riding side saddle, with his legs dangling over the edge in an attitude of nonchalant ease. Everybody ('scuse me, teacher) spits everywhere, in spite of the fact that the death rate from tuberculosis in Newfoundland is three a day, in a population of a quarter of a million. There are great numbers of lounging men in the streets, who bump into you simply because they don't take

pains to see where they are going. There were some good stores on Water Street, but most of them displayed either tin cooking dishes or unspeakable painted china. However, every little while you would come upon a road leading directly down to the harbour, and there is the open water with the beautiful ships lying at anchor, and the tall cliff rising behind, and at once you forget all the dinginess around you. * * * I was interrupted by the arrival of the gentlemen, with whom I ate a very good dinner, beginning with soup and ending with pancakes, and having halibut, onions, cucumbers and potatoes in the middle.

I hope I shall find some letters at Pilley's Island, for though it's only two weeks to-morrow since we left home, I could readily believe it was six months.

On board "Prospero,"
Off Bonavista Harbor,
May 18, 1911.

We have really reached the North of the Deep-Sea-Fishers, and I can't begin to tell you how interesting it all is! We left St. John's yesterday morning in a fine snow storm and a gale of wind which made a glorious sight of the waves as we sailed out of the harbor protected on both sides by high walls of cliff,—real mountain peaks they are, rising grandly out of the sea with sheer rocky sides. Bunty says he likes this coast, for it always seems to say to a newcomer, "Well, it's up to you. If you settle here, I shan't make

things easy for you. What are you worth?" The wind came tearing down the sides of one cliff and we could see it sweeping over the water like a white mist until it struck our boat, and then didn't we rise to heaven and sink to the waters under the earth! It was mightily cold on deck, especially as I had on my city spring clothes, so I decided to go down to our stateroom and get on something warmer.

One of the officers very courteously started to show me the way, but just as we turned to go a great wave struck us amidships, came splashing over the deck—and me—and a gust of wind took me with such force that I fairly flew through the door just as it banged after me. H— had been bringing up the rear, and so got the officer full in the nose when that gentleman turned to run back. When we got down to the cabin and I had put on a pair of H's woolen socks under my stockings, we found, both of us, that we were victims of seasickness and dedicated our breakfasts to the Atlantic. We didn't go out for dinner, and I lay in my berth with my wet skirt on, not caring how long it would take me to press the pleats in again. Early in the afternoon we mercifully stopped at a "port of call," so we sought the upper deck rejoicing. Much to our delight we found that the invincible Bunty had also succumbed along with most of the other passengers, so you see we weren't typical land lubbers. That's the only time we've been sick, though it was bad weather

all day yesterday, with frequent snow flurries and cold wind. But we stopped every few hours at the different harbours to leave the mail and freight for the people, and whenever there is a wharf we go ashore and interview the local M. D.

Pilley's Island,
Sunday Morning.

The "Clyde" is due at any moment so I must make this a brief recital just to set your minds at rest about everything. The Island is a joy to the soul, with rocky hills, and a glorious harbour. Our house is most attractive, large and roomy, with a long roofed porch, and painted white. The people are cordial beyond power of description. Mrs. Stuckless met us at the boat which came in at about 4:30 a. m. and took us right up to her house. Mr. Stuckless has been very sick but is up now. We have made this our headquarters, eating and sleeping here, and spending all the rest of our time at *our* house, unpacking the myriad boxes. The women of the neighborhood had scrubbed all the floors, washed the paint and windows, and papered two rooms. Wasn't that nice of them? Last night we made a fire in the kitchen range, and to-morrow we shall set up our beds and sleep there. We made Bunty a berth on a couch with the bedding we had packed at home. It all looks so pretty, dear mother, as do all the things I unpacked.

Mrs. Stuckless just called that it's church time (Methodist), so good bye.

The "Prospero" at a Port of Call

Pilley's Island
× Over Doctor's House

May 25, 1911.

Better than all our dreams is the Pilley's Island of reality! How I wish for you all at every turn, for every day is full of new and delightful experiences. I have been so constantly busy with "housekeeping orders" (!) that I haven't had a minute for writing until now, and now the "Prospero" is due in an hour from "down north" so I must make the most of my time and tell you as much as possible with no regard to "rules for composition."

We have certainly been having a real pioneer experience, for twenty of our boxes are still at St. John's, not having been unloaded from the Florizel in time to get the Prospero with us; among them is the one with all our cooking dishes, so I have been keeping house with "three tin plates to sop out un, and a coffee pot for the old 'oman" figuratively speaking. By which I mean really that Mrs. Penny—a neighbor as friendly as she is toothless—has lent me three forks and knives, a dish pan, a muffin tin, and a frying pan, and with these I manage to prepare our simple but hearty repasts. I have also been able to appreciate the feelings of Aunt M.'s Chinese women who were given empty tin cans for Christmas presents. When H— cut the cover neatly off of one for me and gave it to me to boil water in, I felt like a queen. Blessed be poverty! It has all seemed just like playing house in the old attic, only far more fun because it is all so necessary. We

moved in on Monday, and that very morning the two M. D.'s were summoned eleven miles away by boat to Woodford's Cove to see a poor young wife of twenty who was having terrible convulsions. They thought it would mean an operation, so they unpacked all the medical boxes they could find, strewed the floors far and wide with paper and excelsior, and left. When I came over after breakfast at the Stucklesses I certainly prayed for an inspiration as to what to do and where to begin, for I was most anxious to have the house ready to live and eat in when they came back at night.

The neighbours up here are all "hearts of gold" —I really never knew the like of them. Three men offered their services for the entire day, and Mrs. Penny came over in the afternoon after her "wash was out," and worked without stopping until supper time. (I can hear the remarks about Mrs. Tom Sawyer's settling of her house as though I were with you.) All day long it rained hard, which complicated our unpacking problem, as many of the boxes were in the yard, but by night—to make a long day short—we had two beds up and made ready to sleep in with my beautiful wedding blankets and sheets and comforters, the Franklin stove set up and lighted, the kitchen stove ditto, the two tables and several chairs unpacked, a small kitchen table made and covered with neat blue oilcloth by the writer, the china unpacked, washed, and set on the

"Bunty" Unloading Freight from Mr. Forward's Cart

The Goats Always Sought the Shelter of the House at Night

shelves, and when the two tired, wet and hungry, young doctors came back after performing an operation and rowing twenty miles in the rain, I had a fire lighted in the dining room, a lamp in the window, and the table set, with a hot supper of canned chicken creamed with goat's milk—only fancy!—boiled potatoes, bread and butter and honey, olives, coffee, and some of Aunt Ella's preserved strawberries. I never knew anything quite so satisfying as it was to minister to the primitive, creature comforts of "my men" that evening. They were so tired and so appreciative that it would have been worth any effort to give them "a bit of comfort." I forgot to say that they didn't get home until ten o'clock, and as I had been ready for them about six, I decided it was just as well I wasn't a lady of firm convictions in regard to the sacredness of the meal hour. I alternately cooled things off and heated them up again for four hours, but we were all too hungry to know whether they had been hurt by changes of temperature.

Patients come in from far and wide at all hours of the day and night. As H— says, they certainly have save up "the darndest lot of ailments for the last two years" and they are all pining to lay them at his feet. The poor boy has wanted so much to help about fixing the house, but just as he gets started there is a timid knock at the door, and I hear him saying to a silent applicant, "How do you do, sir, what can I do for

you?" Bunty is kept busy every moment too, and has already performed two big operations beside extracting teeth with ether. Our house reeks with medical fumes at intervals, and I come upon strange "samples" from various patients, reposing next my milk and butter. And everyone is so delighted to have a doctor here, that it all seems infinitely worth while. The halt, the lame and the blind who keep coming to our door, tell me while they are waiting to go into H—'s "surgery"—the Newfoundland name for an office—how much it means to them to have a doctor here.

Our house stands on a high hill looking over the harbour, which is a beautiful stretch of calm water enclosed by rocky hills rising one behind another. The fishermen's little white cottages are clustered below us along the water's edge, and there is a narrow winding road that I take at the foot of the hill, which leads me past the wharf, up another steep hill beyond and then down again to where two tiny shops with a musty smell, keep buttons and sugar and fishhooks and pitchers. I never knew quite such a limited stock anywhere else, and as the people here say, "Everything is wonderful high."

But I haven't told you about my maid—it thrills me so to think I have one! That first eventful Monday evening when I was getting supper in my half-settled kitchen, there was a knock at the door, and a young girl presented herself to ask if I wanted a girl. H— had been telling

me I must get someone to help me, so I told her yes, and that she might begin work at once, and we would settle about terms later. So she came in and "fell to" and I found her neat and thorough and quite quick. She lives at home, but spends the entire day and has her dinner here,—and is never tired. I feel like a slave driver asking her to do one thing after another, but she never wants to rest and would rather stay here than go home. My neighbours feel that I am paying her too high wages, but I tell them that it's only for this first month when there is so much extra to do; and the wages, my friends, are three dollars a month. They are to be two dollars and a half after this month, though Mrs. Stuckless said she would come for two. But her family is desperately poor, with a crippled father and invalid mother and a thin little sister, and the Government has withdrawn its help since Annie—my maid—has been old enough to work. She is pathetically careful of her poor, patched, little clothes, and fixes her hair and washes her face and hands in the woodshed every evening before going home. I long to give her something better to wear, but the neighbors all tell me she is of a begging family and if I begin she'll always be asking me, so I am going to wait another week and see if she continues to be deserving. But I can't blame a child for asking, when her mother is so hungry that she actually looks pinched, people tell me. Miss Gray of the Grenfell Association

sent us delightful boxes of clothes and toys, which it is going to be a perfect joy to distribute at Christmas.

The women that I meet have a look of infinite patience in their faces, which it would go to your hearts to see. They are wonderfully deferential, and I am so used to hearing "Mrs. Greeley" at the end of every reply—if it's only one word long—that I shall soon forget I was ever called anything else. Mrs. Stuckless is a dear, sweet, little woman about my age. I couldn't ask for a nicer little neighbour, and she has an adorable baby six months old who already knows me. She runs in several times a day to know how I'm getting on, and on Tuesday she brought me a plateful of delicious mussels which I fried in butter for "the doctor's supper." She had baked more bread than usual so as to give me some,—and Oh, I must tell you about the goat's milk. Mrs. Shearing had told me on Monday that she would ask a friend to save me some and at about five the woman appeared with it. She was a very nice, gray-haired woman, and she stopped to ask me how I liked the Island and whether I should be happy here. And then she said suddenly, "And you must let me give you this milk to-night,—the first milk you start housekeeping with,—you look so young,—just like my Mary!" And Mary, Mrs. Penny told me afterwards, was brought home sick last summer when she was expecting her

baby, and "in six hours she was a carpse"—this is Mrs. P.'s pronunciation.

The poor girl that I wrote you about whom the boys went to see, died Wednesday evening in spite of the fact that Bunty went back and spent another night and day there to take care of her; but after he had taken her poor, little, dead child, she had only six convulsions in forty-eight hours, instead of in one as she had been doing, until even her mother didn't like to stay in the room with her.

Yesterday afternoon, the "Ladies' Aid" of the Methodist Church on the hill, had its annual sale, and Mrs. K—, the lady who came up on the Prospero with us, came over to tell me that the society invited Dr. and Mrs. Greeley to come up for tea.

The Prospero just whistled, so I must run down with this. Think of E.'s coming on the next trip! You seem such miles away!

Pilley's Island,
Newfoundland,
June 17, 1911.

TO A. E. M.:

Your letter was a source of great delight and entertainment to us, and we read all its news with the keenest interest. Tell Robert that our morning glories are up, and some of the vegetables, though just which ones I am not able to determine from the kitchen window, and as it is usually raining I haven't ventured into its earthy confines to see more exactly. We are having what

really might be called a rainy season here, due, we are told by a physiography teacher who is visiting us, to the meeting between southern winds and those coming over the ice fields farther north. Some mornings it starts out warm and sunny. Mrs. Stuckless appears radiant in a white tucked dress and wide shade hat, I begin apologizing for my heavy cloth skirt, and before she has had time to tell me that I look better than she does, a wind breathing out Arctic ice sweeps down upon us, and she rushes for home with the baby. Or else a heavy storm cloud appears suddenly above the narrows and we are drenched with rain or pelted with hail from the "dwygh"—pronounced "dwy"—as the islanders call these sudden storms from sea. Almost every morning this week, however, has dawned damp and cloudy, and it has rained intermittently all day, to the unutterable rage and despair of dear old Mr. Penny who is whitewashing our house again to make up for the very poor job done before our arrival.

The entire job, he says, is to cost "at the outside" three dollars, though its taking him days to do it, and he is labouriously scraping and washing the old paint and whitewash off the windows, as I can't reach it from inside, since the upper sash doesn't move. He is not so very "stiddy" on the ladder either, he told me, for ever since the time last summer when he mowed hay all day in the sun just after he'd had his hair "crapped" he's

been a little giddy at times. Poor Mother Penny comes over and stands looking up at him with anxious solicitude, but the highest part is now safely accomplished so I have stopped worrying, though every time a ladder falls I run out to see "how dead he's killed" as he expressed it. How I love this life up here, and how I think of Mother every time I hear a new bit of dialect! I have planned to write home so many of the rarities of speech that I can't remember which ones I have told you so forgive me if I repeat. *Did* I tell you what Mrs. Penny said about her daughter's baby? She was the only person with her when it was born, and she told me everything was going lovely until "just as the baby got to the shoals, she jammed, and I was that scared I didn't know what to do, but then I just reached up and caught hold of the little arm and pulled it out and then it was all right."

She is Mr. Penny's second wife and he is her third husband, and she told us the other night that sometimes when she talks about being buried in Tilt Cove next to her first husband, "Mr. Penny gets real kind of hurt. But I say to him, 'Oh you've one to lay alongside of up there—pointing to the churchyard—and that's enough.'" To which he replies, "Well I spose you wouldn't be seen layin' alongside of me, would you?" And she repeats, "Not where you've got one already, that's enough."

I've been making more visits with H— and meeting more interesting and delightful old people. One couple have quite a little garden in front of their house, with gooseberry bushes and "bake apples" (small yellow berries) and rhubarb, and Mrs. Cobb told me that as soon as the berries are ripe, I must come and pick some if I'd care to; and she asked her husband to pick me a bouquet of creeping Charley before we left, as I might like a few flowers. Annie's mother is industriously cultivating a plant for our dining table, and sent us some poppy seeds for our garden. I have surprised myself by telling Annie quite frankly what the faults of her family are, that keep them from making friends and getting work, and it seems to have had a salutary effect on them, for they haven't asked for a thing since, and have tried to make me these presents in a way that's quite pathetic. I think I told you about the slice of cold peas pudding they sent me, made of split peas boiled in a cloth until soft and then cut in slices, and "yes'm 'tis lovely when you cook the peas up real soft and nice." We have decided to give Annie three dollars a month, for it seems the best way of helping the family, and she certainly earns it. I can say without boasting that none of Mother's girls was ever more pleased with her place! Annie simply beams when she sees any of us, and only wishes she stayed here all the time.

Did I tell you about Ivy? Ivy is her younger sister, and very pinched and meagre looking. The

first day I saw her she had been doing the family washing, "on account of her mother's wonderful back"—due to a fall—and the day before she had scrubbed the kitchen. I asked her how old she was. "Going on ten," said Ivy. I couldn't help thinking of Mr. Jaryndice's sad reply, "A great age, Charley!" and I asked her if she had ever had a birthday party. "No ma'am," said she. "Have you ever been to one?" I asked. "No ma'am," replied Ivy. "When is your birthday," continued Mrs. Greeley. "June twenty-eighth, ma'am," said Ivy. And so I am to have the pleasure of giving Ivy a birthday party, and she has brought me a list of fifteen little girls, spelled "Etty Aggett" for Hetty Hackett and in various other strange ways which Annie interpreted, and she is to wear her white dress, as are all the other little girls who have them, and every guest that can has told her she is going to bring her a present, and we are to have ice cream for the first time in their lives. And E— will play a supper march on Mr. Shearing's autoharp! Don't you all wish you could come to the party?

PAINS AND PLEASURES

II

July 1, 1911.

IT ALL grows more interesting and delightful every day, and oh, how much a doctor was needed here! He is far busier than I wish, but he looks decidedly better than he did when we left home. Last evening he rowed over to "Sop's Arm" to see a woman and her two children, all of whom had pneumonia. The nearest neighbour lived two miles away, so the husband had been taking almost entire care of the patients, and H— stayed to relieve him. He sat up all night fanning away mosquitoes from the woman, so that she might get some sleep, and early this morning rowed over to "Robert's Arm" to see another patient.

This last one I visited with him "een boat" last week, and I never felt the grimness of poverty more keenly than when I stepped into that bare, comfort-empty house. The woman was in bed with a four-days'-old baby and at the same time had an attack of pneumonia so severe that Hugh didn't think it at all likely she could live. Her husband and older children were off at the "French Shore" at the fisheries, so the management of the house and the care of six younger chil-

dren and the patient was being undertaken by the eleven-year-old Lena, who apologized to me for the dirt on her sister "Pearly's" dress, saying that "the children always would be getting in the dirt."

The midwife had left them almost at once after the birth of the baby, as she had a sick husband at home, and when we got there at about five in the evening the woman had had neither a drop of water nor a bite of food all day. Her bed was of course anything but attractive, especially as there were no sheets and no covering to the mattress, which had evidently known years of use. Sick as she was, the poor woman beckoned to me to come to her side and then whispered in her weak, husky voice that the baby wasn't clean, but that it was because she had no one to take care of him. Mosquitoes and black flies were flying about, because Hugh had taken out two panes of glass to insure fresh air, the only successful method of keeping windows open, as the midwife slept there at night, and was afraid the baby would "get a cold." H— had given the woman an alcohol rub the Sunday before and I think that was the only bathing she had had.

I went out to the forlorn kitchen to get her something to eat from our basket, for the only food in the house seemed to be a jar of molasses, though there probably was bread stored away. I made a fire in the little cooking stove, boiled some coffee in a battered pot, and got Lena to wash the

dishes, as there were only two cups, one teaspoon and four plates in the house, and they had all been used. I showed the little girl how to make coffee so that she could do it the next day, and then fed the mother a little from the spoon after Hugh had given her some pineapple juice. She was too sick to take anything more, and she told us she had almost nothing for the baby. So Lena ordered "William, me love," to tie up his stockings and go after the goat's milk, and mind he didn't break the bottle. William went leisurely to a corner of the kitchen, searched through a pile of rags with a practiced hand until he found pieces of the desired length, and then proceeded to obey his sister's injunctions in regard to the stockings. When we left, Lena was rocking back and forth "hushing" the baby, who was "that cross she couldn't do nothing with him." She had rescued him from a roomful of small brothers and sisters, explaining that "they'd soon have him killed."

When Hugh was there the Sunday afternoon before, "Pearly," aged about two, had fallen down stairs, landed on her head and then bounded onto it again, so that she was still unconscious when Hugh left. But the next day when he called, she was as serene and active as ever. We tried to eat our supper on a lumber pile looking over the harbour, but the black flies and mosquitoes were "somethin' wonderful," and forced us to set out again in our boat after seeing one more patient.

The sea had been very high when we went over, so that Mr. Rideout whose boat we borrowed at Spencer's Dock, had been doubtful whether we could reach Robert's Arm; but now the wind had moderated, and as it was blowing towards Pilley's Island, we hoisted a sail of Hugh's coat fastened to an oar and went along quite easily. We went ashore and H—, if you please, went in swimming, though it was cold enough so that my leather coat felt comfortable. Then we ate our lunch and continued on our way over the sea glorified by the northern twilight. The color in the clouds above the hills was exquisitely lovely in its changing shades, and a calm silver light lay over all the water. As it grew darker, we could see sparks of phosphorescent fire at every dip of the oars though it was not late enough to get the full flame that H— had seen at midnight.

July 15, 1911.

I had intended telling you about the birthday party, and will do so now.

The afternoon was a fine one and hot enough to make ice cream an appropriate dish. Mrs. Stuckless gave me a rule for making it without cream, and I flavoured it with chocolate, remembering my youth. A frosted spice cake, ornamented with two bedroom candles to signify eleven —as was explained to the guests—occupied the center of the table, flanked on either side by a large vase of lovely violets, which some girls had

opportunely brought me. The children of the Island keep me so generously supplied with flowers, both from the garden and fields, that if my store of tin cans was not limitless I should be in despair. This evening there are ten or twelve vases of exquisite forget-me-nots, fragrant little English roses with darling buds, purple iris and red pitcher plant blossoms in our two living rooms, besides the everfaithful buttercups. One little girl brought me several pansy, golden lily and forget-me-not plants for our front garden to-day, which are especially welcome as most of our seeds were too discouraged by the northern spring to come up.

But to return to Miss D.'s birthday soirée: Promptly at two the first guest arrived, while Emily and I were putting the last elegant touches to the dining room. Fortunately she was an intimate friend of Annie's, so she sat on the rubbish box in the kitchen and conversed with her over the dish wiping. Most of the other guests came to the woodshed door and were ushered in through the kitchen. Ivy arrived about three, in a white dress adorned with a purple ribbon at the neck and a bright red one at the waist, her hair hanging in the profuse curls which come from tight braiding. Nearly every child handed her without a word, and usually without even a glance, a package wrapped in newspaper and tied with black thread, containing a tea-cup with "Love the Giver" painted thereon in gilt, or a

The Doctor's House and View of Harbor

cut glass dish or cream pitcher. Emily's and my shouts of delighted admiration filled the room, as each new gift was disclosed, the silence being otherwise unbroken except for Ivy's inaudible "thank you"—prompted by Mrs. Greeley—and the whispers of the guests asking "who give that?" Ivy and Annie were in ecstasy over the gifts, and Annie fairly beamed and glowed with sisterly joy. After they had all been examined and laid out in state on the top of the machine, we adjourned to the porch to play "The Farmer in the Dell," for most of the children being unaccustomed to heat, were mopping their poor little brows and exclaiming that they were "fair killed" by the temperature of eighty odd.

We played for a very long time, and peals of laughter arose whenever Emily or I was chosen for one of the characters, and when Emily took stout Mrs. Shearing for her "child," the ring was nearly dissolved in mirth. Then to cool off, we came in for the Magic Lantern Show. The Doctor had darkened the front room, and we spread papers on the floor for the children to sit on. When I called Annie in to ask her if she would help me move the sofa she replied "Yes'm. Oh, I can help you with anything, Mrs. Greeley!" It was really the most triumphant hour of her gray life, for she "fair doats" on Ivy and to see her the center of such an occasion was beyond her dearest dreams. Great was the laughter when Hugh would ask in showing a picture, "Isn't that

Ivy in the corner all dressed up for a party? I'd forgotten she was in this picture." He had some much appreciated pleasantry to offer with each slide, so that the "show" was a great success. Next we played "Little Sally Water" on the porch,—or the front bridge, as most people say—and the children were very cunning in the way they acted the part. Then Mrs. Stuckless and I went to get the ice cream and left Emily to manage "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Cat and Mouse." When everything was ready, E— took Mr. Shearing's autoharp and I my mandolin, and we played in a stirring manner "John Brown's Body," while Ivy headed the procession and led it into the dining room. They blew out the candles on the cake, and "passed words" and played "Neighbour, neighbour, how bist dee," and had a very merry time, though very few of them ate all their ice cream. Then we had charades, acting out Pilley's Island and Newfoundland in such absolutely plain fashion that it didn't seem possible they couldn't guess them, but mystery enshrouded them for the audience, none the less. A little before six Mrs. Stuckless said she must go, and Hugh was asking me so audibly "why the deuce" the children didn't, that I said to them "Well, are you all looking for your hats? I'll get them for you." Mrs. S. told me afterwards that it is the custom here to stay until dark, which would have been after nine, so I was thankful I hadn't waited for them to make the first move.

You have asked me several questions about my housekeeping which I will try to answer now. Indeed I use the bread mixer, and with perfect success. The dry yeast wasn't "lively" at all when I used it alone, and it took me about fifteen hours to get the bread risen, but last time I mixed it with potato water and Hugh put a lamp in the stove to keep it warm all night, and it was up ready for making into loaves the next morning. Hugh is very fond of bread, so I have been thankful to have it so good. Emily will no doubt tell you of my extreme pride over my baking. I feel like little Pussy Willow who told her mother she was going to ask God to keep her from being vain because she could make such good bread! We greatly enjoy cinnamon rolls too, the rule for which is in my cook book, and which are very easy to make. Hugh got me a book on cooking fish which has proved invaluable, and I find it great fun to try the different rules and make various sauces. We have delicious fresh salmon, and lobsters are only five cents a piece.

The other morning I rowed three miles down the harbour with the Pennys, who were going so that Mr. P. could get the fish out of his nets. We found two cod, two salmon, a trout, a herring and a lobster. One salmon had been eaten all but its head, probably by a lobster, Mr. P. said. We went past Pretty-Island and Pretty-Tickle, and they certainly were! It was a beautiful trip, and coming back it "breezed up" so that we were able

to sail in "goose wing," (with a sail out on either side). Emily will tell you what storybook characters Mr. and Mrs. P. are. She had taken two dry baking powder biscuits, which she calls buns, in a paper bag, to regale us with on the way home while father smoked his pipe, and wished we had just a drop of tea.

Of the beauty of our house since Hugh has put down the Crex matting and our wonderful rugs and papered the front room with gray building paper, put on with red strips of wood, I dare not speak at this late hour. If Emily doesn't describe with awe and wonder every detail to you it won't be my fault.

Elinor wanted to know when the mail boat leaves for Pilley's, so I add that it leaves Lewisport Fridays at nine a. m. We get no mail by the Prospero. It all comes by the Clyde.

August 4, 1911.

TO M. E. H.:

There is so much to tell that I am at a loss to know where to begin: First, though, I must declare with all warmth that our work is even more interesting than we had expected, and the opportunities for bringing something into lonely lives are more worth while than we had dared hope. The Island seems like a piece of drift wood left here forever while the tide of life goes by outside our narrows. When the mine was working,—an expression which has the force of a proverb here

—the people were far more closely in touch with the world, the shops actually kept a reasonable supply of things to eat and to wear, and the men were sure of steady work to provide for their families' needs. Why, the church fair was known to make as much as thirty dollars during one of those golden years, and you were safe to charge twenty-five cents for a reserved seat at a "concert." But now, as H— would say, we have fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude." No great ships come into the harbour, nor are we stirred even by the far-away sight of one passing, for the Narrows run out for more than a mile before they open into Green Bay, which is itself, of course, just an arm of the sea. As a result, the people feel so entirely separate from the rest of the world that they even regulate their clocks to suit their private fancies, instead of following the course of the sun. Hardly two families agree as to the time, so their common method is to get to a place about half an hour before the appointed time and wait until everyone has assembled. We gave an afternoon tea party for Emily last Saturday, and Mrs. Duder, one of the guests, who got here an hour before the rest, explained that it was four o'clock by their time, though it was five minutes of three by ours which we regulate by the mail boat.

The weekly and fortnightly visits of the two mail and freight boats are by far the biggest events in the island. Friday is known as "Clyde day,"

and the one chief topic of conversation is the probable time of her arrival. I am keeping one eye out now for the sight of a dark column of smoke beyond the hills, which foretells her coming. I can't speak of a boat in the neuter gender since I've lived here. Last Sunday she took Emily away from us, after a glorious two months. She had made friends of all the islanders and was presented with many "keepsakes,"—cut glass dishes and pitchers and drawn work squares which represented much kind affection. We organized a Boy Scouts Club while she was here to give the boys some occupation other than spitting and throwing stones at birds, both of which practices are forbidden in our laws. I wish you could see their eager interest in the club. We have been lent a house which the boys are making furniture for, and there is a house committee which appoints two caretakers for each week to scrub the floors and keep everything in order. This is the first nonsectarian organization in the island, and I am hoping that if it grows and prospers with the years, it may in time help to break down the prejudice for sectarian schools. We have a Catholic President and a Methodist secretary, and have just taken in a member from the Salvation Army.

Last Friday night all the Scouts and we gave a concert for their benefit, which was a great success and heartily enjoyed by performers and audience alike. They had learned "Let the King

Friday was "Clyde Day"

The Goats Out for a Walk

Mr. Forward Spreading Fish on His "Flake" to Dry

Reign" from the "Coming of Arthur," and sang it as the opening number with appropriate marching and sword raising to salute the King. They really did it in a very spirited way, and Mrs. G— preceded it by a little talk on the similarity of ideals in the Knights of the Round Table and the Boy Scouts. We had the pledge and laws of the club written on the front blackboard so that the people would know what it stands for, and before the last number—"Rule Brittania" sung by the boys to the accompaniment of a mouth organ, a parlor organ and widely waving flags—an invitation was given to all the other boys on the island to come and join. It was a very stirring occasion, and I heard from all sides the next day, "Mrs. Greeley, 'twas grand, ma'am."

Since beginning this two days have slipped by, and I am now with my husband on board the aforementioned Clyde bound for St. John's to interview the Premier about the hospital. Such glorious sights as we have been passing! Green Bay is called the Norway of Newfoundland, and it is easy to see why when you look at the great dark cliffs rising one above another, sometimes thickly wooded, sometimes bare, rough rock, with the misty darkness of clouds moving behind them, or white gulls flying wildly across their face. We passed all this in the night when we came in May, so it is a new delight to us both. Great are our hopes of this visit to the Premier, for there is no doubt of the great need for a hos-

pital in Green Bay, or of the readiness of the people to do their part. Hugh has collected three hundred names of men who will pay the annual fee of five dollars, and this in the height of the fishing season when a large number were away on the French shore or the Labrador. It would make your heart ache, Mary, to see how pitifully poor and barren the lives of most of the people are. When I look at a man or woman who has grown old in some bare, little hovel, often with never a glimpse of any life beyond their harbour, I often think to myself "What have you got out of it all, anyway?" Sometimes H— is called to see an old couple who live quite by themselves in a lonely cove, with an adopted daughter of about fourteen to help with the work. The man is partly blind and lame, the old woman so bowed over as to be almost a cripple, and both of them seem a little childlike in their way of speaking. Think what that girl's life is, when the winter shuts her off from the nearest harbour, and she sits all day in the kitchen with those two old people! Do you remember poor Miss Flite in Bleak House, who had named all her birds after the characteristics of the Court of Chancery? If she had lived here and wanted to symbolize the life, she would have called them "Poverty, loneliness, hardship, cold, bread, molasses and tea!"

The girls are very anxious to have me start a club for them on the island, and I am going to do it in the fall after the Boy Scouts are better able

to direct themselves. Hugh is so busy making visits to distant places and seeing patients on the island that he can't give as much time to the club as he would like, and the boys need someone to direct them at every meeting.

Since the house has been settled, I have done some reading for pure pleasure, and how I have enjoyed it. Hugh and I want to have a reading club for the people this winter, and I shall collect material for it when we come down in the fall. We have read various things at the "Epworth League" meetings at the church, which were so appreciated it makes us want to do more. A friendly book agent on the Florizel gave us a package of children's books, which have been borrowed far and wide and read by the children and their parents with keenest delight. "I fair laughed when I read 'Funny Folks,'" they all tell us, and whenever a child comes for a new book she tells us the old one was "lovely" or "grand."

It all seems more satisfying than I can show in a letter, and I am going to try to write down our experiences this winter, so as to give people a better idea of them. Religion on the island seems to us a pitiful attempt, but I think the people get more out of it than seems possible at first. One of their favorite hymns implores,

> "Sink us to perfection's height,
> The depth of perfect love."

Hugh and I were singing in the choir last Sunday when these lines were reached, and we had difficulty in getting through them.

August 6, 1911.

Behold us—my husband and me—on the porch of the inn at Rockport, which Hugh has christened "The City of Dreadful Night" since reading Emily's account of her stay here. We had a telegram from Mr. H., our friend at court, yesterday, saying that the Premier, without committing himself, will be glad to see Hugh in regard to the hospital plan, so we decided to take the Clyde this morning. Mr. Stuckless thought it would get to Pilley's between six and seven, so we planned to arise at the witching hour of five thirty, but a few minutes before that time we were wakened by the fateful sound of the whistle in the narrows. Emily will realize how we felt. We gave one leap, and I do not hesitate to say that I felt a moderate degree of pride when I found myself dressed even to my hat and coat, the last things put into our bags, a glass of milk drunk by each of us, and saw us on our way to the boat just *twelve* minutes after the whistle blew. The faithful Annie, arrayed in a new blue and white muslin gown, was on the wharf with Ivy to wave us good-bye, and we sailed out of the harbour on one of the most glorious mornings of sun and brisk air and shining water that ever dawned on an island.

Our whole day has been beautiful from beginning to end, and I was carried away by my first sight of Green Bay, which we passed through in the night last May. Emily will tell you about its wonderful cliffs and peaks rising one behind another, and E., do justice to the beauty of Fortune Harbour! There was a Boston man on board, who had spent the night at Mrs. Penny's, on his way back from a month's camping trip on the west coast and Indian River at Springdale. Hugh fell atalking with him and introduced "his wife," a word which still makes me laugh, and we saw a great deal of him all day. He was very interesting in his descriptions of his experiences, which made me long to get into the woods myself. We got off the boat at Cottle's Cove and walked across the two miles to Fortune, thus avoiding the roughest part of the water. We found a few sweet, wild strawberries on the way and drank at a pleasant little brook, so that together with the sight of blue iris and yellow primroses and many wooded hills and fields, we were well repaid for our walk. The sea was wonderful to behold just outside Fortune, with the surf breaking white and high against gray rocks in midchannel, and a tremendous swell which sent long rollers in upon the beaches, and made us roll from side to side until I wondered we came up safely. Like frugal missionaries we had taken some lunch with us, and though it was somewhat curtailed by our abrupt departure, we made two

satisfying meals off bread and butter, crackers and cheese and cookies, and had the great advantage of fresh air in which to eat it. Poor E., I thought of her when I went into the "Ladies' Cabin," reeking of disinfectants, and pictured it full of sleeping occupants on a rainy day. She really should have waited another week.

When we reached Rockport we left our bags here, and then walked down by the waterside and found a shady place to sit where Hugh read aloud from Barchester Towers. Our tea here was excellent, much to my surprise, and we ate heartily of venison and "lovely" bread with jam and cake and a "beautiful drop of tea" for dessert.

Mrs. Forward and Mrs. Vierge came over Friday evening and brought us a dish of "bake apples," and were much interested in hearing of Miss E.'s trip.

I told the Boy Scouts the story you sent about the lost child and urged them to be inspired by the ideal, though we haven't had the luck to lose a child on the island as yet. The jokes were much appreciated as were your all too generous tributes. I am sure we gave you a very dull time, compared to the entertainment you afforded the entire island.

I went with Hugh to Dark Tickle yesterday to see a patient and was greatly entertained by an old couple I met there. I was walking by the house waiting for Hugh, when an old woman in a skirt of many colors, it was so patched, came after

Fortune Harbor and Church Bell by Tree

The Boy Scouts and Their Club House

me and called in a shrill voice, "Don't 'ee use the road. Come inside a bit, can't 'ee?" I thanked her and followed her into a clean, newly scrubbed kitchen and was introduced to her man, who sat at the table tying a line for a fish hook. He worked with but one hand, holding the line against the worsted mitten which covered the stump of the other. They were both very cordial, the old woman showing her entire upper gum in a beaming smile at my dullest remark. "'E 'av your sister with ye, aven't ye?" she wanted to know, showing that E.'s fame has spread. "No strange news from Pilley's, I suppose," she inquired later, so hopefully that I racked my mind for some possible item, but could think of none except the arrival of the Clyde, and that she knew. After we had sat for awhile, the man looked at her with a fixed gaze which I guessed the meaning of, but which she failed to understand, as she sat by the window patching a petticoat even more variegated than the skirt she wore. Presently he said in explanation, "Perhaps the lady would like a cup of tea," but the lady quickly refused, knowing what its strength would be. Coming home, we had the wind right at our back, so we sailed at wonderful speed and had a glorious time.

The Boy Scouts had a meeting in the afternoon, at which they empowered us to buy them ten bathing suits, six baseballs and one football in St. John's. Two new members came from Head's Harbour.

We expect to stay with the K.'s in St. John's. I will let you know as soon as anything is settled with the Premier. Hugh has drawn up a splendid brief, which certainly ought to convince him.

Pilley's Island,
Newfoundland,
August 12, 1911.

Our trip to St. John's was a great pleasure and we enjoyed every minute of it. I wore all my wedding journey clothes and felt as though we were on a second honeymoon so deep was our delight in being off together with no patients to annoy. We stayed at Topsail from Tuesday until Thursday and had bathing, walking and a picnic to entertain us, besides many hours spent under the trees reading and talking.

Our trip home yesterday on the Clyde was wonderfully beautiful. It was warm enough so that we could sit out all day on deck, enjoying the sky and sea. We reached Pilley's Island about nine o'clock, and I was surprised to see how much it seemed like home, after an absence. The Boy Scouts were giving their patrol calls from the wharf as we steamed up to it, and the faithful Stucklesses, Shearings, Mr. Forward and Annie were down to greet us. Annie had the house in perfect order, the vases filled with fresh flowers, and the week's baking done. She had put up six quarts of raspberries, too, at my suggestion, and she was so pleased at the success of all her labours

that it was beautiful to behold. "Self expression," my friends, in that lies the secret of happiness! I had brought her a housemaid's dress from St. John's as she has only one thin working costume and suffers greatly from the heat in the kitchen.

This afternoon the scouts met, and we showed them the ten bathing suits, the football flask, the six pocket knives for prizes, and the scout magazines and book which they had commissioned us to buy from the proceeds of the concert. Four boys had learned the scout law and history of the flag while we were gone. Con. Sutton and Steve and Fred had run over to Spenser's Dock and back in eighteen minutes. Herb. May had done the half mile in six, and they had made a new bench and towel rack for the club room, so I felt proud of their energy, as this is the first time they have directed themselves. After the meeting H— and I took them down to the wharf and had our first swimming lessons. They were pathetically afraid, most of them, but kept at it pluckily.

It's rather late, so I must reluctantly close.

III

WORK AND PLAY

August 19, 1911.

WHAT a world it is when the Clyde brings me a mail like that of last night! I read and read and read, forgetting to set bread until so late that I tremble to think what the doctor will say if he finds it out. He had to go off on the boat to Boot Harbour to see a man with a pain in his side, and expected to go on from there to Springdale, coming back in Mr. Brown's launch to-night. It is now seven o'clock and I don't hear the boat even out beyond the narrows, so I don't know at what time we shall have supper. There is a corn pudding in the oven, new potatoes—a gift from Mrs. Forward—set aside to keep warm, and cinnamon rolls and a blueberry pie and a loaf of gingerbread cooling against his coming, so I can sit and write with a clear conscience until I hear the boat. The neighbours are, as usual, kindness itself when H— goes off for over night. Last Monday he left for Little Bay and Little Bay Island, and the Stucklesses at once asked me to take tea with them, and Minnie said she would sleep here to keep me company. In the evening when I came back Mr. and Mrs. Forward

came to see me, having heard that "the skipper had gone off" and I might be lonely, they thought. Dear Mrs. Forward brought me a dozen fresh eggs, and wanted to know whether we had enjoyed "the bit of fresh that father had given us." The "fresh," which means any kind of fresh meat, had been some delicious venison from a caribou he and Mr. Duder had shot and dragged sixteen miles through the woods. Yesterday Mrs. F. sent me two cakes of soap that she had made, and I was glad to have some strawberry ice cream to give to her. "Father" had "never in his life tasted it" he told me, so I feel that this is a memorable summer when you put that with his first railway journey.

Speaking of making ice cream, in reading over some of mother's letters this week, I came across the question in regard to making bricks without straw, so to speak. Perhaps Emily has told you that I made a custard foundation for the chocolate ice cream, which really didn't taste, though I can see Mrs. M.'s look of skeptical disgust at the thought. But I shall never take the time to do so again, for the strawberry ice cream yesterday we made with condensed milk, and it was so smooth and delicious, I couldn't have told whether it was all cream. I don't know why we always looked upon frozen desserts as such an achievement, for it takes H— and me twenty minutes from the time we decide to have it to the completion of the freezing. We have an excellent freezer, which perhaps

makes some difference; it is a great joy to me to have an ice whenever I want it, with so little trouble and expense. It is a great pleasure, too, to pass it around to the appreciative neighbours. Poor Mother Penny, you will be sorry to hear, has been having the most wonderful punishment imaginable with the fragment of a tooth, and has been in bed with acute pain in her face and head, and in fact all over her body, most of this week. She has never been sick before for so long in all the sixty years of her life, and she was a picture of woe and despair when I went over to see her. Her face was badly swollen, which for some reason made her look strikingly like an Indian, an impression which was strengthened by her black hair combed straight back, and the mocassins she wore. The invaluable doctor had her go to bed, and I read to her as much as I could, and took her custard and soup, for the spirited "Mrs. Lard"—as H— calls her—was too occupied with hooking a mat to spend any time in her mother's room. She improved, however, by the end of the week, so I've somewhat softened toward her. I took Mrs. P. some ice cream yesterday and could hardly help smiling when the poor soul poked the spoon miserably between her swollen lips and fairly groaned out, "Oh, 'tis beautiful, ma'am!" She is up to-day and feeling decidedly better, so I hope she can have the tooth out on Monday.

I wish you could see my husband help me with the preserving, and contrive all sorts of conveni-

ent housekeeping arrangements. We have over two dozen cans of fruit put up for the winter, and a great many jars and glasses of jam, and to-day I made my first jelly, which, unlike Meg's actually "jelled"! It is from "squash berries" and looks perfectly clear.

The Boy Scouts met this afternoon and we had a most successful time. All the charter members are now regular tenderfoots, having learned the laws, and the history of the Union Jack, and the tying of four standard knots. Steve has earned three honors, and Fred and Con. two, so they were each given one of the prize knives to-day with the cheers of the club. We all went down to the pier to see them dive from the schooner, two of them from a point six feet high and Steve from one fourteen,—the bowsprit. Gus, Herman, Lester and a new boy, Jack Powers, had their second swimming lesson, though the water was so cold they could stay in only a few minutes. Our warm weather seems to be all over, and yesterday the west wind howled and shrieked around the house in a truly wintry way. Two members can't read so I am going to teach them how. * * *

Hugh got back in time for us to have supper at half past nine after doing up a lot of medicines to send back on the launch.

September 2, 1911.

Mr. T.'s motor boat is at last finished and "lanched" and it is a beauty. All the prominent

Pilleyers were invited to take a ride in her yesterday afternoon, and we had a very pleasant trip outside the narrows and back, getting home just as it started to rain. It fairly poured all the evening and most of the night, I guess, so that our parched wells are filled and our barrel is ready for wash day. There has been such a dearth of water lately, that Hugh and I rowed over to Lowry Batt's Cove Thursday evening and brought back a barrelful from the well there. Mrs. Forward has been sending us a bottleful with the milk each day, as that in our well looked like mud and tasted worse. Mr. Duder and the doctor are making out a chart of the wells on the island to give to Magistrate Wells, who has been asked by the government to make a report, so perhaps something will be done.

We haven't heard yet from the Premier, though he promised three weeks ago to let us know by the next mail whether he will give a grant to our hospital. We thought there would surely be a letter yesterday but none came, so Hugh telegraphed him to-day, asking him if he could wire his decision. It is very trying, for if they do give the grant, it will be very difficult to get the hospital started for the fall work, and it puts off our visit home at least another month. It's awfully hard on Hugh, for everything is at a standstill until this is settled.

September 2, 1911.

Since writing this much, "Mete" has been down to ask us to come to Bert's birthday party about six o'clock, so up we went, carrying a handsome colored picture from Miss Gray's box, of a lady reading to two little girls. When we got there, the yard was filled with the children and three or four neighbours added, and Bert was in the act of pulling a white goat into the kitchen by one horn. Emily will realize how they were all beaming at the thought of the party, and how much laughter arose at the doctor's witticisms. Mrs. W. said that the party had been arranged entirely so that Bert might have the doctor come on her birthday, as she has been asking for this privilege ever since she has known him. Mete milked the goat in the back entry while Mrs. W. and I set the table; the poor woman can't walk very easily yet, but she gets up at four every morning and goes to bed at eleven in order to get all the work done. She has to wash about three days in the week to keep the children clean. She spoke with the greatest interest and affection of her late nurse, wishing that she might be with us this evening, and that she would come back next summer. She was so sorry, she said, to have had no better keepsake to give you, but she wanted to send something, so had got the dish. She remembers the wonderful book you read her, with bated admiration, and says she doesn't know how many times she has told people about that grand story.

She would be very glad to have the loan of it, so that she might finish it. The Ensign and Leftenant from the Salvation Army were the other guests, and when the table was ready Mrs. W. said, "All hands sit down," and put the doctor at the head of the table. We had a very nice tea, and Mrs. W. performed the duties of a hostess by asking us at intervals if we were "enjoying" it, or admonishing the Ensign to do so when he grew too talkative. The children played about in the yard or sat inside as we ate, and Mete rocked Charlie to sleep in the big chair. They certainly are as bright and attractive children as I have ever seen, and I am going to have them come down here as often as I can. The Ensign asked a blessing at the beginning of the meal and returned thanks after it, so the Harmy was not neglected.

We went to the Harmy picnic last Thursday at Spenser's dock, at the invitation of Mrs. Duder. It was given in two fields on opposite sides of the road, and the smell of drying fish wafted to us from the wharf was "something wonderful." I am going to describe it at length in a story which I hope to write soon, so I won't take time to now.

The scouts continue to grow and prosper, and are playing football as well as baseball. I am going to have a class in the three R's every Monday evening for the benefit of those that can't go to school. We have one new member who can't read at all, and Jack Moores is teaching him the laws and history of the flag. I started them in

Ben Anthony and His Ox Team

The Old Couple's Home in the Lonely Cove

playing Fox and Goose to-day to teach them how to do the tracking required for a second class scout, and they seemed much interested. I'm certainly devoted to them. Next week Hugh is going to give them a talk on the use of the tooth brush, as a gross have arrived from Miss Gray at his request. Pearl uses one with enjoyment now.

Last Tuesday evening the doctor spoke at the Epworth League on "Prohibition and Moral Reform"—Excellent, interesting and instructive. I wish you could have heard the reverential way in which Mr. G. introduced him and the other speakers referred to him! I "fair laughed." I gave your message, E., to Mrs. Penny, and she said, "Poor soul, I'd like to see her again!" (Reason for adjective, not given.) She and Mr. P. sent their "regards" as did the Stucklesses.

September 15, 1911.

How time rolls and rolls and rolls his ceaseless course! Each week seems to fly by faster than the last, though we don't live in such a whirl here as to warrant such an effect. I think it must be partly the effect of my schedule which I made out some time ago, and which has been a great help in accomplishing something every day, though I almost never keep to it! It includes an hour of sewing, an hour of practising—I can now play the accompaniments to Little Boy Blue and Punchinello, besides several hymns with marked spirit—an hour or more of writing,—I have

nearly finished "Livvy Tizzer's Gala Day"—an hour of letter writing, but this of course I don't do, besides an hour for rest and several for recreation and reading. I feel the family curse upon me when I start to read, for then nothing else has the slightest attraction for me. Just now I am rereading Bleak House with the most absorbed interest, and there is really no excuse for that. I have read about ten most delightful books this summer, the list I believe I sent you before. One comforting feature is that I never waste time on trash, for we brought only good books and the only magazines we see are the Digest and Bibelot —and the latter we usually skim.

"The Doctor" is certainly the "handiest man about the house" I ever imagined. He has made a perfect bath tub out of a wooden frame and a rubber sheet, and I never knew what an absolute luxury and joy a hot bath is until I took my first for several months! He carries the washboiler full of hot water upstairs and fills the tub, and afterwards empties the tub and carries the water downstairs so that I have a bath as easily as I could at home. Words fail me when I consider such nobility. His latest achievement, finished to-day, is a desk fastened to the low shelf in the dining room. I am using it now with the greatest ease and satisfaction. The top lifts up, and underneath are stored our writing materials in the neatest manner possible. The legs are made of a board which happened to be painted white, so we

think we'll let the top remain in its natural state, like the lily. The famous box from Austin Nichols did come, Emily, and I meant to write about it last week. You can imagine my shrieks of delight at each new package it contained. I shall draw upon them to-morrow when I give an afternoon event in honor—Hugh says in celebration—of Mrs. L.'s departure. We are to have raspberry ice thriftily made from a jar which wasn't air tight.

I wish you could have eaten some of our ice cream with chocolate sauce yesterday, made from one can of evaporated and one pint of fresh milk. Nothing could be easier, and it was really delicious. There was some left to-day in the freezer, so Annie and I made an equally delicious apple pie which we served à la mode. For fear my husband won't have time to speak of our meals, this week, I really must mention them for I grow prouder daily. This noon we had creamed chicken, macaroni and cheese, dressed lettuce from our garden, apple pie as above stated, and black coffee, and it was all prepared without the slightest difficulty. The cooking for a family of this size is really just a pastime,—particularly when you've trained Annie to do everything! The other day we made Scotch Broth from a shoulder of mutton and vegetables, and I was carried away by it. Miss Farmer has some excellent rules for using the cheaper cuts of meat. If anyone writes to J— this month I wish he would tell her that

that cook book has been more to me than light and air. We have bought fifteen cans of delicious lobster, some of which we had in a salad last Sunday. I mention these culinary details, because I remember—without the slightest rancor, I hasten to add—the many expressions of doubt and fear uttered by certain females of my acquaintance, and I am glad to be able to set their anxious minds at rest. Annie is really incredibly happy in her work and told me last week, "Next winter you won't even have to do so much as wash the dishes on Monday, ma'am, 'cause when I live here I'll have more time to work evenings." We have fixed a few simple appointments in the attic bedroom, so that she may "tidy" there in the afternoon, and she is so pleased with it that I am ashamed not to have thought of it before. I am teaching her how to read and write and she gets on finely; my other pupil—the Boy Scout—is doing far better than I had supposed he could after the first lesson. He came to the house one morning to ask me, "Mrs. Greeley, is you goin' to keep school to-day?"

Annie is beginning to save money for her fare to the States, for I was troubled to see how she wasted her very scanty wages on candy and cheap lace. So I talked with her about the need of learning how to spend money before she goes to the city, and she is going to try to get along on a dollar a month, except when her family need help. I shall send to St. John's for her clothes so that

she can get better material and less trimming for the price. I made her a little book and Hugh printed most beautifully on the cover, "Cash Account, Annie Fudge," much to her delight.

The party yesterday afternoon was a great success. We toasted marshmallows for the first time on Pilley's Island besides playing the much enjoyed "Clumps." My guests' enjoyment of the "beautiful" refreshments—prepared after dinner in about an hour's time—was pathetic. It is such a pleasure to do anything for these people. Last Tuesday I read "Where Love is there God is also" at "the League," and couldn't have asked for more appreciation. They all thought it perfectly wonderful, and showed it by their attention while I read.

We have been having a beautiful day, beginning with our leisurely start at eight o'clock. Hugh got breakfast and I stayed in bed until seven, so I am well prepared for a night on the Newfoundland railroad.

I'll write again from St. John's, if we hear anything definite.

September 22, 1911.

Behold me again on board the Clyde, this time alone, as H— got off at Fortune to hold a meeting there and let them know the result of our trip to St. John's. We have met the enemy and he is ours to the extent of a thousand a year, with the promise of more if the work warrants it. Hugh

wishes now he had asked for five thousand instead of three, for then a third of it would be nearer what we need, but everyone we talked to in St. John's was so astonished that the Government would do that much that we feel more pleased than discouraged. There is still a chance of getting another five hundred dollars annually from the tuberculosis fund; unfortunately Mr. Harvey, who has it in charge, was away during our visit so Hugh couldn't see him. However, Hugh has decided to start the hospital, since he has been given enough to equip it and it can be run for a year without any expense to the Mission or us, since there are no salaries to be paid. It is a tremendous relief to us both to have the matter settled after so long a delay, and not the least pleasing feature, I may say, is that we can now feel sure of our trip home! I shall join Hugh on the Prospero to-morrow, and we shall go to St. Anthony's to see Dr. Grenfell, and shall try to have Bunty come back on it with us. He has closed Indian Harbour and is now at Battle, expecting to leave the end of this month. If he can get away on such short notice, he and Hugh will spend ten days canvassing the Bay for names, and then my husband and I can leave October eighth for the States! Of course this is still not definite, but I can't help writing it since it looks fairly promising. It will have to be a short visit, for H— wants to be back early in November to help Bunty

with the operations that have been accumulating this summer.

I was interrupted here by a woman who asked me if I was "the Doctor's Lady," and who wanted to introduce a friend who was going to St. Anthony's to-morrow for her seventh operation, the other six having been performed elsewhere. I've just been talking to the poor soul who kept wiping her eyes as she told me about her three children who are left behind and who won't be able to hear for a fortnight how she is doing. "If there was only a hospital at Pilley's Island," she said, and this is what we hear all over the Bay. "The children bore it wonderful hard when I left this morning, and I can't feel contented myself to go," she added, with more wiping of the eyes. H— and I have decided that we never again can accept the comforts and luxuries of our civilized life at home with the same unquestioning, matter of course spirit that we used to. We have seen too much of hardship and barrenness, ever to look upon comfort as a necessity again. If you could have seen us sitting up all night in a day coach last Sunday, and actually sleeping in the midst of snores and crying babies, you would realize that I, at least, have changed! We had telegraphed ahead two days before for berths, but when we got on the train at half past eleven after a day spent on the boat and at the Rockport hotel, and a long wait at Notre Dame Junction, we were greeted by a smiling porter with the news

that they were "all full." Fortunately it was raining hard, so we were able to keep our window wide open without getting dusty, and I shamelessly put my head on Hugh's shoulder and went to sleep. Mrs. Shearing, Mrs. Fistere and the baby were in the same car, and our lot seemed easy compared to theirs, for they had to take turns in holding Ralph, while the train shrieked and whistled and squealed along its way. I have never known a rail to whistle as these do. Life at St. John's at the Balsam Place seemed the lap of luxury, especially when I saw that they had bananas for dessert! I hope the fruit season won't be over when we get home, for the hart panting for the water brook is nothing to my desire for fresh fruit. We saw the Premier that afternoon, and he promised to give H— his answer on Wednesday.

That afternoon a Mrs. Ellis called on me and asked us to tea. I had told her husband that morning about seeing his sister in Boston and he was most pleased. We had a very enjoyable time, and were greatly interested in meeting them.

The next morning it poured, but we had to go down to hear the Premier's decision and then buy supplies for the hospital. You ought to have seen me handling unbleached cottons with a professional air and driving shrewd bargains. We really did an excellent trick, if I may say so, and spent remarkably little money.

I am now at home waiting for the Prospero, with bags repacked and an expectant thrill at the thought of going "down north on the Labrador."

October 5, 1911.

Alas for the best laid plans of mice and men, especially when the men are doctors! Hugh and Bunty have decided that they must spend this month canvassing the bay for subscribers to the hospital in order to insure enough of an income to keep it going this winter; which means, of course, that we can't take our trip home together. Hugh insists that I shall go, as he will be cruising round most of the time so that I should be alone on the island if I stayed, and we are anxious to get various supplies and donations in the States for our winter's work. It is a grievous disappointment, but H— says he would feel so much worse if I stayed that I have decided to go alone. Mrs. Brown, one of our neighbours who has helped me occasionally with the housework, has promised to act as housekeeper and I have planned the meals in advance with her. Bunty is here now and Miss Gleason is expected from Battle Harbour next week so he will have companionship when he comes back to the Island between trips, and I shall plan to be here by the time the canvassing is over. I shall probably take the Clyde with him next week when he goes to Fortune Harbour, so that we can at least start out together.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM H. P. G. TO F. E. G.:

November, 1911.

* * * Before going further I will tell you that I am on the Prospero bound to visit the sick at Fortune Harbour. Bunty is going to see Mrs. Brown and try to get her to do the nursing till Miss Gleason comes from Battle Harbour, and we will try to find someone else to do the scrubbing and cooking. Bunty and I will stick close to the hospital and give up monthly calls this week and go ahead without a nurse. We telegraphed Miss Gleason to come on the Home and by rail, so that if she does that she will be here next Friday.

Sunday I shall go to Fortune again, and end up at home Friday, going north on the Clyde and getting back the week after, then taking the Springdale circuit and getting back in time to get the house ready for you. The Clyde is very late this week, owing to her being on the rock so long. Whenever she comes, I shall take her back as I refuse to miss my mail again. We are now at Leading Tickles. * * *

Friday: Well, Miss Gleason didn't come. She and Dr. Grieve write that three cases of typhoid, two very sick, are at Battle Harbour and nobody to take care of them.

Pilley's Island.

When we awoke this morning it was snowing hard but it didn't last long enough for the ground

Larry Carrying Out the Goat Which was Found Eating Off a Patient's Tray in the Hospital

A Patient, Dr. Webster and Dr. Greeley

to get very white. The beautiful, bleak, bare hills of Pilley's Island look even more beautiful in winter garb!

I am very much afraid that we are in for a disappointment and that Miss Gleason has been unable again to get away from Battle. We telegraphed to the Prospero which is on her way and asked Miss G— to let us know whether she was on it, but have received no reply.

Bunty is now at the Boy Scouts' Club rooms. They have their stove in and one room papered with the paper we picked out in St. John's.

Pilley's Island Hospital.

Having put our typhoids to bed and tucked them in for the forty-eleventh time to-night, or this morning rather, and filled the kerosene lamp, I renew this epistle to tell you my calendar of news. When I wrote you last, the Clyde had just come from the north, but not bringing Bunty nor the typhoids. We almost gave them up, till they appeared next day at noon (Saturday); two boys, about fifteen and sixteen, both very sick, one delirious. I had telegraphed Miss Gleason at Lewisport to see if she could come on by motorboat, but she wired she had gone to Exploits and would catch the Prospero. I had also spent the morning fixing her room at the hospital: Wardrobe with beautiful strips of stars and stripes bunting for curtain, washstand with blue checked oilcloth

cover and shelf, curtain for the window from my surgery and one of our green rugs.

Friday night Bunty and I kept watch over the typhoids. I slept from ten-thirty to three-thirty and watched the rest of the night. Had three hours off Saturday morning to shave and wash my face and get mail off to the north. After dinner I specialed the typhoids till six p. m. when we had supper, Miss Gleason having arrived just that moment. We're in great luck to get her just now, for she's a wonder at nursing without any finicky notions and always ready to do whatever turns up. We are probably in for a run of patients as Bunty found four more typhoid cases at King's Point sick at home. He had a public meeting and talked preventive medicine. Last night (Saturday) we thought we would give Miss Gleason a rest and Bunty and I would do the honors, so I went to bed at eight-thirty and slept till one-forty-five when it was time for my shift. The typhoids are somewhat improved, one especially. The other is still delirious and refuses to drink, even, without coaxing.

The Boy Scouts did not meet yesterday, as they were skating. The next rehearsal of the actors in the Mystery Play is I know not when, but I think Mrs. Stuckless and I will drill them separately. Yesterday, having several days before constructed a "potato cellar" in our storeroom with boxes and hay in fireless cooker style, I swept the store-

room, dining room, kitchen and pantry, scrubbed the tables and made things tidy. * * *

This is decidedly the longest spell of watching I've had and it's now "wearin' away" toward six o'clock while I sit at the kitchen table scribbling away to you. I shall soon be cooking some mush for the boys. One of them had a bad dream, but the sickest has slept peacefully ever since I rubbed ice along his spine.

* * * * * * * *

Livvy stopped in to-day in answer to my letter and says she will be happy to work for us this winter. I was as much taken with her frank honesty and wide-awake spirit as you were. It's a great relief to me to know that you will have someone to help you.

Bunty and I have scrubbed and papered the entire hospital, and the beds are on the way from St. John's. The stoves are all in and all the other supplies have come. I ordered enough oatmeal, cornmeal, molasses, salt meat, potatoes, fish, butter, pork, etc., to start on without needing the New York boxes. If we are strapped for anything we can borrow from our storeroom, but I think there will be no need. The only thing we are very low on is sugar. Remembering Bunty's fondness for molasses I've ordered forty gallons for the hospital! The last two days we have been on the Island. To-day was almost as warm as summer.

* * * * * * * *

One A. M.

Don't think that my sleep is suffering from this night nursing. I went to bed last evening at six o'clock so that I would have a really long night before going on duty, and as it is, I just sit here most of the time. Miss Gleason does all the real work during the day, so that all there is left for me to do is to try to feed them occasionally and look after them. To-night I plan to write lots of letters to go off on the Prospero as I don't know when the Clyde will be here. I may try to outline one of my winter Public Health talks, and then I have the Golden Treasury and Pickwick Papers to fall back on, so you see it doesn't look much like nursing.

Fall fees are coming in rather slowly but we've had no regular mails since I posted the notices.

I had two pitiful cases yesterday,—a woman and child. The woman was a chronic sufferer from sick headaches, having them two or three times a month. She kept her tea on the stove all the time, only emptying the pot when it was filled to the top with old leaves, drank two cups at each meal and one and a half at her "'levener"—eleven o'clock lunch—and at four p. m. Everybody here has four meals, so that makes between fourteen and fifteen cups a day,—all black as lye. The little girl was small, pink and puny, and was said to have stomach trouble and not to grow. She drank tea and ate sweets at all hours of the day. I was reminded of the baby I saw at Robert's Arm last

summer whose mother told me "he throws everything; all he's kept down to-day is some jam and turnip!" When the little girl's mother asked her to take off her clothes for examination, she looked up and quietly and pertly said she was too lazy to, so her mother did it for her. * * *

Yesterday we had some cornbeef hash which was a real treat. You must have some too, when you come,—with apple sauce. Mrs. Brown feeds me well and the natives will tell you how well I look in spite of my night watches. We have four and a half cords more of dry wood, and Mr. D— will be employed to saw it. About half of it is for the hospital. The coal has not come yet, and I am "that keyed up" about the Prospero, anxiously waiting for piano, Victrola, food and supplies, that it doesn't seem as if I could wait, though I'm only too well schooled in disappointment in regard to freight to mind it much. The hospital has potatoes, beef, pork, flour and molasses on hand, and I guess that will be enough.

Mrs. W— has been doing some stitching of towels and nightgowns for the hospital, so that we can pay her in more clothes. Her husband has gained about eight pounds; he sleeps indoors now, but alone, and they have promised to take proper precautions with the children. He came with his fee yesterday, which I refused. Mr. D— has offered to pay me once or twice and I'll let him, I think, as long as he chops wood. Mrs. D—

is making two or three dollars a week scrubbing the hospital. I'll wait for your advice.

* * * * * * * *

Before I finish my watch to-night I shall have been twenty-seven hours without sleep, but to-night I am swapping with Miss Gleason. She is sleeping the first half and I shall sleep way into the morning and get up about dinner time to-morrow. I am able to do this because there is a northeasterly blizzard going on which prevents all travel and all people from seeking me. It began early yesterday morning. I went down to the house to do some odd jobs and came back to the hospital at dinner time with great difficulty through drifts up to my waist. The wind is still howling and I shall be forced to read some of Snowbound to-morrow. I think the snow is over now but the windows are so plastered with it and it's so dark that one can't tell. The typhoids are very quiet to-night, have been asleep practically all the time, only waking long enough for me to "hurge" them to take something to drink. I've read one hundred pages of Pickwick Papers and am having the time of my life. I think I shall finish them and Bleak House before you get back. * * *

The storm will upset all the boats. The Clyde will not be here till Saturday or Sunday or Monday, and the Prospero bearing supplies nobody

Mr. W.'s Outdoor Sleeping Porch

Pilley's Island Hospital

knows when. Bunty is snow bound and I am wondering when he can get back. I suppose he will try to come on the Prospero. At any rate, no patients can get here before he does. I am glad to see the snow in a way, for if the Prospero has got our supplies and piano, it will be easier to get them up the hill on runners, for Mr. Forward's vehicle would never handle a piano.

* * * * * * * *

Last night I told you I was going to sleep late, which I did in Bunty's bunk from two a. m. till nine a. m. and to-day I shall do the same. This morning everybody was out on snowshoes and there were some very large drifts. Mr. Shearing says it is as bad as they ever have it from one fall of snow. But our back yard is as clean as a whistle and there is very little snow in front. Mr. S— says the storm winds always blow it off our land so we shall not have much shoveling to do. The telegraph wires are down so we know nothing of the Prospero but expect her to-morrow. The typhoids are doing fairly well.

The "harmy" Lieutenant came to-day to get some dialogue books from which to get pieces for the children to speak on Christmas. It seems the Salvation Army have a Christmas tree and celebration every year at the Barracks. I was at the house all the morning, finishing up some cor-

respondence, winter orders, etc. Took a bath and changed my clothes. * * *

I shall go to the next rehearsal of the Mystery Play and explain more carefully what the significance of it is, for the children didn't seem to grasp the situation at all,—speaking of the Angel's singing and the Star as if they were quintals of fish and potatoes. Then I shall hear some of them separately in their parts so as to keep them from confirming bad habits until you get here. To-morrow is Thursday and the day after Clyde day, so I'll add to this to-morrow. I am making arrangements for some talks to the school children and for examination of all the pupils on Pilley's Island. Whether we shall be able to extend it to other places or not I don't know. I should like to include Fortune Harbour, Springdale and Little Bay Island. * * *

Bunty got home this morning, having had an operation case,—confinement—in Little Bay Island. The weather is fine, clear and cold and frightfully windy, the wind driving right through the narrows.

To-day we did our first operation,—tonsils removed. Mrs. Brown (acting as housekeeper) seems reasonably happy now. I think the feminine sassiety of Miss Gleason did the trick. Mrs. D— was here washing out the "terrified clothes" as she called the typhoid things.

The Prospero is not in yet and the Clyde by report has left Lewisporte, but this may be a false

rumor. At any rate our mail will probably get to the States as quickly by the Clyde as by the Prospero so that I shall be able to let you know about the piano, etc.

I am at my usual job. Bunty has gone again in the motorboat to see a magistrate case, probably more typhoids, I think. Our typhoids are so so, not any change for the better yet. I realize more than ever that the doctor is of very little use. It's the nurse who counts at this game.

* * * * * * * *

The Prospero came with all our freight,—seven pieces.

SOME OF THE DOCTOR'S MAIL.

TO THE DOCTOR PILLEYS ISLAND
I have got A strained or renched Ankle Would you kindley send me something to rub it with I find the pain go up my leg bearer of this note will tell you what I told him how it was

CHAS ————
ROBERTS ARM

Note brought to doctor by son of Mr. Eli Fudge.
Mr. Eli Fudge please tend on this my sun

Woodford's Cove,
June 4, 1911.

DEAR DR
I am sending for you come at once if possible My Son has taken very badly of with fitts last

evening he taken with a roaring pain in the pit of the Stomac and goes to the right Side and after that pain goes away he take a wonderful fitt which take 5 or 6 men to hold him.
Come at once & do your best and oblige

MR JAMES ————

Green Bay,
November 27, 1911.

DR H GREELY:—

DEAR SIR.

I am sending the cabbage you ordered for and 30 lbs mounton. at 12c per lb.

Yours truly
E. M————

Lush's Bight,
August 27, 1911.

DR GREELY:—

DEAR SIR:—

Will you kindly come with bearer or someone else to take you back. The Minister has brain fever or something just as bad anyway he's off his head taken suddenly last night. Maybe the sun which has affected him Will you kindly come right away. or as soon as possible

Yours truly
S. P————

Leading Tickles,
July 13, 1911.

Dear Dr Your of The 10 the Tube in wich you sent me wos No use to me Like that I have sending

it as I receved it it is No good to me Like that I have Not sending you any mony to pay for the tube for th tube wos in 3 pices and No glass My stomick is no Better the baby is well

So I remain Yours Truly Eli B———

Leading Tickles

Dr. Greeley
Pillis Island

Leading Tickles,
December 29, 1911.

Doctor Greeley

Dear Sir

I am ritting to let you know all my meddison is gone and I dont feel no better but a little worse so I like to hav sone more if you pleas. Some thing what ever you think is best your self to send me and a box of itment for the old lady for the exeminter. Your truly

Mr. William W———

IV.

WE PREPARE FOR WINTER

En route to Newfoundland,
Truro, Nova Scotia,
December, 1911.

SUPPER time interrupted me in my writing last evening, and afterwards Amelia and I both slept in our chairs for two hours, making the last lap to St. John, N. S., seem delightfully short. There are so many things to tell you that I hardly know how far back to begin, but I know you want to know more about my traveling companion, so I had better devote a paragraph to her at once. She is so very nice and so very pleasant that I really can't feel fortunate enough in having her. I feel sure that if I suggested riding in the baggage car for variety, she would agree with polite enthusiasm. She and her mother came in from Milton in their car on Wednesday and took all my surplus Mission things to pack in A.'s extra trunk, and begged me to telephone them if I found anything else which I had no room for. At such a time no help could have been more wonderfully welcome. When E— and I got back from Simsbury Sunday night we found Mr. Webster at our house, come to tell me that Amelia is

to stay at Pilley's until the stress of work there is over. They had had a letter from "Harrison" telling of how he and Hugh were taking turns at night shifts watching two typhoid patients, and parental solicitude could stand no more, so Mr. W— had gone at once to Cambridge to interview Dr. Grenfell and get his consent to our having an extra nurse. I am certainly very glad, for it didn't seem right at all to me to have Hugh and Bunty help with the nursing when they have so much else to do, and I think they will see the wisdom of this plan.

Amelia has just remarked that it is a quarter of eight, so we must go out and do a little shopping before our train goes at nine-forty and I will continue my narrative later. We slept soundly last night and had an excellent breakfast in the station dining room this morning. I wish you could all have seen the darling, little, snowy villages in Maine and New Brunswick yesterday, with lights shining in the windows of the white houses, and low sleighs drawn by nice old country horses traveling over the roads. This trip is even more interesting in winter than in summer, and the cold, snowy air is delicious after being in a stuffy car.

Rockport, Newfoundland,
December 9, 1911.

Look well at the date, and realize in your fond minds all that it connotes when joined with the name of the Rockport Hotel. To be brief,—

instead of having reached home and husband yesterday afternoon after waiting here since early Thursday morning, we are still at noon on Saturday in the elegant precincts of this modern palace of comfort. The Clyde has been lying serenly at the wharf since "Chuesday" we are told, not making the slightest effort to load the thirteen cars of freight destined for it, and giving as excuse the plea that they are "hindered" by the coaling vessel which is unloading here and has employed all the available men. Of course they could get more if they wanted to and they have enraged even the stolid Newfoundlanders by constantly promising to leave and then not even trying to. Fortunately our train was about eight hours late, so we didn't get here until after six Thursday morning which has made our wait that much shorter. The proprietor of the hotel is away, and his wife with a new baby and three other children is overwhelmed by the work left for her to do, so as M. L. C. would say, we simply wallow in filth and live like pigs in a sty. The hotel is so crowded that at first we were put into a room with another girl, but by night someone left so she was given a room by herself. Pilley's Island is frozen in, I am told, so the motor boat can't be used, but Hugh telegraphed me Thursday that he would meet me if the Prospero came back from the north in time, supposing that we should leave yesterday. I telegraphed him of the probable delay, and said we could probably connect with each other at Ex-

ploits—two hours from here—as the Prospero doesn't come to Rockport. But the Prospero was reported a day and a half late "down to Baie Verte." So I don't know where poor Hugh is or when I shall see him. Every time the door opens I find myself jumping up involuntarily, and yesterday when I was told that a motor boat had just come in from Exploits I grew thoroughly excited, for I hadn't heard then how late the Prospero was. We got into our coats with all speed and hurried out, only to find that it had come to meet Mr. M—, the storekeeper from Exploits, who was coming from St. John's on the noon train. He is a great friend of the doctor's and has invited us several times to visit them, so I lay in wait for him, for his house is remarkably modern, with a vacuum cleaner and plenty of good milk! When he came he was more than cordial and made every effort to make room for us on his boat, but he had promised to carry forty bags of southern mail to Exploits for the Prospero, so there simply wasn't a cubic inch of space left. There was a northeast wind and snow storm too so he said the trip would be a very rough one in a small boat, and as Amelia and I both had colds we realized that it would not be wise to get wet through and stay so for over three hours. Mr. M— said if he had known I was here he would not have agreed to carry the mails, and invited us to stay with them during the five hours that the Clyde will be unloading freight at Exploits, and said if the doctor came

on the Prospero he would try to get him over here on his motor boat, so altogether he was very nice. I haven't heard from Hugh to-day, and I suppose he got off at Fortune, where he has patients, expecting that the Clyde would call there last night, and now can't get to Exploits, as there is no motor boat at Fortune. Mine is a long tale, said the mouse, but if I try to tell you anything of our dilemma I have to tell you everything, in order to make it intelligible. The only thing I really mind is not meeting Hugh, though it's not wholly entertaining to be wearing the filthy flannel waist in which I came from Boston, to have one gray bath towel and ice cold water—this morning frozen—with which to achieve cleanliness, to be given someone's else unspeakable napkin at every meal, to have the dirt on the tablecloth only equalled by that on the silver, and to eat boiled or fried salt meat and fish at every meal, surrounded by men who guzzle their food worse than the pigs at Faville Farm. Our bedroom wasn't swept or even dusted until yesterday afternoon and was really filthy, and so cold that my feet were chilled through three pairs of woolen stockings and my heavy brown shoes. Fortunately A— and I are truly able to laugh at everything realizing that "haec olim meminisse juvabit." I feel so wonderfully fortunate not to be alone that I couldn't complain, and I have told you only the unpleasant features of the place so far. I will only add that we sleep together for

warmth, with one woolen afghan which A— brought, under us, and the other one and our fur coats over us, so I don't think I should undress at all if I were alone.

Now for our recreations! There is a beautiful walk through some evergreen woods not far from here, and we have gone there twice with the greatest pleasure. Last evening we went at twilight, and I wish I could describe to you the effect of the dark, dark hemlocks against the steel gray of the harbour and white stretches of snow. It snowed for only a few hours, and to-day is bright and cloudless though very cold. The latest report from the Clyde is that she may leave between six and eight, which would bring us to Pilley's Island to-morrow morning as there is so much freight to unload. Only Emily can fully appreciate what a night on the dear old Clyde would be! I think I shall try to reach Hugh by telegraph as it would be something of a comfort to know where he is. A— and I have slept late both mornings, and have had a breakfast in our room of Steero Soup tablets—we get hot water from the kitchen and use some to temper our washing—educators and gingerbread from her lunch basket, and apples which I got at the store. We have two chairs, so we use one for a table, and then one of us sits on the bed hastily made for the occasion, and we drink our soup and laugh and have a very cozy time. A—, as you have probably guessed, is perfectly fine in the truest sense of the word and

an absolutely ideal traveling companion. She has had a wretched cold—mine is not nearly so bad—and has to take cough drops all through the night, and the first night the baby next to our room had croup and coughed incessantly, and cried in between, but she insists that it's all "awfully good fun." She belongs to a most interesting family of "wealth and position" as the novels say, but every member has chosen a life of hard work and simple living. They are variously engaged in different branches of government, education, and medicine, and A— herself has just been for two years at a Nurses' Training School. She is a most interesting girl to talk to with the highest ideals and much good sense, and we have spent hours in conversation on all sorts of subjects. Yesterday afternoon she read aloud to me from a pleasant little book called "Basset," while I crocheted on a Christmas necktie for Hugh,—a beautiful purple—and then we played the talking machine—not too awful to be unendurable though it has suffered greatly from over-used needles,—until twilight when we went for another walk. After supper I read aloud for a while, wrapped in blankets and a steamer rug in our room, and we went to bed at eight. This morning we didn't get up until ten, had breakfast and repacked our bags until dinner time, and since then have been writing letters. We are now going for a walk while the sun is bright, for it sets about four.

We have now had our walk, through the same beautiful woods, have ascertained that the Clyde will not leave here before midnight at the earliest and so have engaged a state room and had a little boy carry our baggage on board. After this I telegraphed Hugh to ask "where are you?" and tell him the probable time of our leaving, for it's horrid not to have any idea where he is, and I have now learned that the Prospero reached Exploits about nine this morning. Then I rested until supper time while A— read aloud. We have just been to the telegraph office to see whether Hugh had been at any of the possible addresses I gave, but the operator can't let me know for about half an hour. I had a clean napkin at supper and there were baked apples, of which I ate two with great enjoyment. I am feeling perfectly well, by the way.

Tell Aunt May, if she is interested enough to be reading this scrawl, that I never had more fun than I did buying the fruit for Hugh: I got eight grape fruits, six oranges, preserved ginger, apricot wafers, and two pounds of chocolates and candied fruit and had them carefully packed in a big basket which I am carrying with my hand baggage for safety. These are all his special favorites, and I love to think how much they will add to our Christmas and other dinners, for they will all keep indefinitely. I also bought him a splendid pair of huge coon skin gloves and a pair of muskrat dittos for myself with part of the

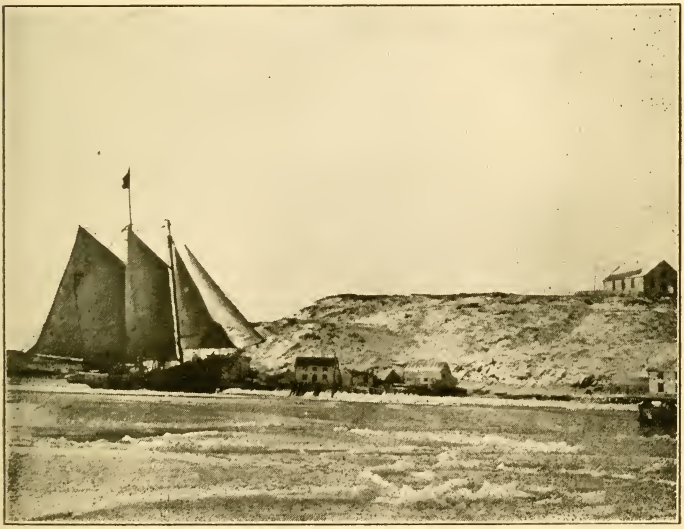
money Uncle George gave me. I am already realizing how useful mine are, as I wear them every time I go out, and they look very smart with my coat.

We have been again to the telegraph office but no answer has been received to my message. If you don't hear from me again this week, realize that it is because the Clyde is late, and don't worry about us, for I should telegraph if anything were the matter. Hugh is doubtless at Fortune or Exploits and sees no use in telegraphing me again that he will meet me since he has done so once. It is just that I should like to know something definite after all our uncertainty, but there is really no sense in it. This is such an unusual experience that it is almost interesting, and think how our children will enjoy hearing about it some day! Need I add that I think often of you all?

December 23, 1911.

Behold a busy housekeeper sitting down immediately after breakfast to commune with you on paper, in spite of the fact that her Christmas pies and cakes are not yet made, and that there are about forty Christmas cards waiting to be created from photographs and cardboard and a bottle of ink. But we heard last night that the Prospero will perhaps get here to-day or to-morrow from "down north on the Labrador" so I naturally drop everything else in order to get my letter written before the whistle blows.

Icebergs That We Saw in Summer



Cutting a Channel Through the Ice for the Last Schooner of the Season to Dock

Pilley's Island has been anything but a rest cure since I got back, for the house, though wonderfully in order considering what it has been through, still needed a great deal of cleaning and arranging, and, as all the supplies had had to be moved inside, to the heated rooms, we had to evolve a new system of shelves, boxes and barrels. What women with "incapable husbands" do at such times I hate to imagine, for Hugh takes all the burden from my shoulders and plans and arranges and moves and hammers from morning until night. I must hastily give you a list of the changes I found on my arrival. In the first place our beautiful mahogany piano had arrived from Boston and was standing where the table used to in the front room, and the table was in the corner by the window with the magnificent talking machine on it. (I wish you could have seen our memorable first dinner when we ate some of Aunt May's delicious grape fruit to the accompaniment of Caruso's singing.) The kitchen was supplied with several new shelves, boxes and cupboards, and the storeroom next to it was stocked from floor to ceiling with our winter provisions neatly arranged. A screen door covered with building paper shut off the icy upper hall from the even icier stairway, and in our room was the most adorable little stove adorned with a shining tin teakettle which I value only second to my health.

We are keeping comfortably warm in our living and sleeping rooms, though it is certainly an

amusing experience to me to have everything freeze in a room the moment you let the fire go out. I feel like Mrs. Jenkins' daughter Charlotte when I find myself "laughing immoderately" at the damage wrought by ice among our bottled supplies and dishes. (I hasten to add for the benefit of the more prudent of my relations, that the damage is never great, and can be easily repaired in most cases.) Our pitcher is frozen to the bowl and the soap to the dish, the water to the hot water bag, the medicine to the bottles, the water to the kettle even, after we have left the bed room fire go out for two hours, and when Livvy and I empty the bath tub in my room after breakfast, lo! it is covered with a hard sheet of mail! I told Hugh that it was sweet to see the softening influence of woman's presence, for since my return the temperature in the dining room has risen from eighteen degrees to forty-four degrees at breakfast time.

Here Hugh returned from his calls so we got to work on the cards, pasting them with very inadequate flour paste onto building paper which H— had cut into pieces of the right size. I brought up two dozen photographic postcards which he printed but there were a lot of good pictures already done, so we wanted to use them. We have made about seventy and I can assure you it means devotion to our friends, for our materials were anything but easy to work with, as one would judge by results in most cases.

However, I couldn't bear to let Christmas go by without observing it in some way, and our kind friends will doubtless overlook our shortcomings.

Last night we had a "joke present" Christmas tree at the hospital for the staff. Bunty and the nurses had gathered Christmas greens and cut a "nice, symmetrical little tree," as mother would say, in the afternoon, and when we went up it was standing in state on the kitchen table. None of our things have come yet,—not even Amelia's and my trunks—so we had to evolve decorations out of the furnishings of the pantry. We cut up the red paper wrappings of cakes of soap into strips and hung them on the branches, and took off the bright tin foil covers to pickle bottles. The round top to a tin can Bunty bent into a kind of star shape for the topmost branch, and, as a final touch Hugh tied on long pieces of macaroni which were most effective. The tea strainer—the kind that hangs down from the spout—looked quite like a real ornament, and, altogether the tree presented an imposing appearance after our packages were fastened on. We began the celebration by having "The Night Before Christmas" real aloud and then Bunty distributed the presents with very entertaining remarks and long speeches. Everything was of course immensely appreciated and we had much fun opening the packages and reading the rhymes. Then we had refreshments, consisting of a freezer of chocolate ice cream with nuts in it which we had taken up,

and a chocolate layer cake made with egg powder by Miss Gleason, one of the nurses. We can get neither eggs nor milk this winter, so I am learning pioneer methods in cooking. We had planned to pull candy for the Christmas stockings of the patients, but the molasses wouldn't come to the proper consistency, so we left it to cook over night and departed at the good Pilley's Island hour of half-past nine, much elated over our first party.

This morning we wrote our cards until church time, when we went up the hill to the meeting house and heard a sermon on what text do you suppose? It being Christmas Sunday we had dared hope for something a little less dismal than usual, and I heard Hugh murmur "God help us," when the minister announced that he would preach from a text found in the description of the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah,—"The smoke of their torment." We were informed during the discourse that "the lost souls bite their burning tongues without relief," and that though "New Theology" had done something toward undermining our faith, still there is nothing in the "Holy Scriptures" which can give us the slightest ray of hope for the souls of the damned. I could hardly believe that I was actually hearing such a sermon in the Twentieth Century, and the combination of such a talk with the unrelieved bareness of the church on Christmas Sunday went to my heart. Think what these

people are missing! There is to be another service to-morrow morning, for which I lent Mrs. S. some songs and H— and I will sing with the choir, "Silent Night" and "Oh Come All Ye Faithful." This evening they are to sing "Oh Dark Was the Night," which we sang once in the "Park Place" choir. I asked the minister if he wouldn't like to have the pulpit decorated with evergreen boughs and he seemed greatly pleased with the idea, so Amelia, Hugh and I will go up early to-morrow morning and do it. This reminds me of the clever device of little Netta Roberts for getting holly for our Mystery Play. Jack was supposed to bring some in and I had expected Emily's box would get here before the play, but the Clyde isn't expected to leave Lewisport until next Tuesday at the earliest, so Netta, without any suggestion from me, tied tiny scraps of red flannel onto hemlock boughs and you would never realize that they weren't berries. The play is going so well that I can't believe my eyes and ears. We have rehearsed nearly every day since I got home and Mrs. S— has taught them the songs separately and they have all worked hard. The little Robertses are so cunning that I want to embrace them at every rehearsal. "The bright eyes of the children," I keep saying to myself when I see all these dear little persons going through their parts or singing the songs with the most absorbed interest and shining joy. I wish I could write you more in

detail about it all, but after it's over I shall describe it fully. The parents tell me their children are "right cracked" over the play and can talk of nothing else. We have had three rehearsals in "Horangemen's 'All" and Mr. Forward and Mr. Shearing took up the latter's organ for us; Mrs. Stuckless plays for us and never forgets her cues. She is really quite a wonder.

Before I forget it I must say that one box of dolls has come from Aunt M's girls at Milwaukee-Downer, and that I am delighted with it. We shan't have our big tree until "Twelfth Night" at the earliest, for the trunk of toys missed the last Prospero, so the other box from the girls will surely get here in time. I will write them our thanks after we have had the tree. We have been having a very informal service at the hospital this afternoon,—we are going to hold one there every Sunday,—and now we are going up to fill the patients' stockings.

It is such fun to be able to give some of the things from the mission boxes to people who wouldn't have anything else. There is much, much more that I want to write, but it's time to take the letters to the post office in case the Prospero comes early to-night.

We have had one mail since I got here, and as it brought only two Christmas letters and a book for H—, my pile of "not to be opened" packages in the front hall closet (I had to preserve the tradition) is really not imposing. But

we shall have our dinner to-morrow with two young roosters for turkey and real cranberry sauce from our storeroom, and a wonderful plum pudding which I made last week and steamed six hours, and Aunt May's much enjoyed fruit and candies. In the evening we are invited to the "Harmy" tree, in the afternoon the staff will come down to hear the Talking Machine and I shall take the children up to the hospital to sing their carols. Tuesday night we give the play; Wednesday, we shall have Christmas—if the Clyde comes—and Thursday, I am to have the children all here to supper and read them Dickens' Christmas Carol, so we shall have a long series of celebrations. I am thoroughly enjoying seeing the way in which these people observe Christmas and will write you all about it some time. For the present I can only take time to copy the poem which I wrote for you with my heart's love.

Pilley's Island,
Christmas, 1911.

There is no East, there is no West,
  There is no North or South,
I still am with you all, and feel
  Your kisses on my mouth.

The same sun rises on us all,
  The same moon shines on us at night,
My spirit hears you when you call,
  My love for each of you is sight.

The laws of Time I laugh to scorn,
The gods of Space I drive away,
I clasp your hands in mine this morn
And with you keep our Christmas Day.

December 29, 1911.

Indeed we *did* have a merry Christmas, and indeed you helped to make it so! The Clyde came about eleven o'clock the night we gave the Mystery Play, and I had the satisfaction of seeing your packages from the outside, and knowing that my trunk was actually on the wharf before I went to sleep. It was really better that the boat was late, for Christmas Day was entirely taken up with decorating the church, singing in the choir, eating our elaborate and matchless dinner, taking the children to the hospital to sing their carols for the patients, serving ice cream to the staff at our house, and going to the very long entertainment which the "Harmy" (Salvation Army) gave. Hugh and Bunty were both called upon to address the audience, and were greeted with such tumultuous applause that I felt encouraged for the success of the hospital and its work. The next morning we swept and garnished the house, which looks really beautiful with its branches of hemlock and little tree, and in the afternoon we held our dress rehearsal at "Horangemen's 'All" and arranged the stage for the evening. It looked remarkably attractive in the first act, which is in the cottage of a peasant, on

the road to Bethlehem, you may remember, and the children were most attractive and cunning in their very simple costumes. Mrs. S— is so small that her clothes did for all the women's parts, and "Mary" looked perfectly appropriate in my light blue silk dress over my old dotted muslin, with Mrs. S's blue veil over her head and black cape for a wrap. It is a great temptation to describe everything in detail, but it is too late to write much, and we have just heard that the Clyde is going to cut out two places of call on her return trip, and so will probably reach here tomorrow morning instead of Monday, as we had expected.

This letter accordingly will have to be merely an outline which I will expand later: The play was a great success, and some people were so impressed by it that I was really surprised, for it is very different from anything they had ever seen before. Several people went to both performances,—we repeated it Wednesday night,—and said it was the most wonderful thing they had ever seen. A few persons—notably George S's father, who is a Catholic—were shocked to see anything so sacred given in a secular hall, and the wretched man actually refused to let George play the second night and insulted Hugh abominably when he remonstrated. Fortunately, George was only the "third shepherd," so I had a boy stand in his place and I shouted his part from

behind the scenes. The "Hensign" wants a copy of the play, which he considers "grand."

To return to Christmas—Hugh and I sat in front of our little, lighted tree, adorned with tin pill boxes, each holding a chocolate peppermint as a surprise for me, and opened our great pile of packages and our twenty-nine letters and cards, and thought of you all with great gratitude.

January 4, 1912.

Again I am looking out at a beautiful white snow storm, and wishing that all the winter enthusiasts were here to enjoy it with me. The weather here is perfectly delightful, uniformly cold and crisp, but with many hours of bright sunshine to warm the heart—if not the hands. The holiday spirit is still with us, for all the children are "fair tormentin'" their mothers to give the Doctor's wife their names for the much-anticipated tree Saturday night, and the mummers are out "janneyin'" every evening. I don't know where they get that word, but it's what they all ask us when they come to the door at night; "Any janneyin' allowed here this evenin'?"

Some of them brought an accordion the other night and danced a reel to its playing with such spirit that we thoroughly enjoyed watching it. Their enjoyment lent grace to their movements and their rocking laughter over the Doctor's

witticisms was good to behold. They were Irish Catholics from "een around the pond" and apparently knew how to make the desert blossom much better than our orthodox Methodist brethren, whose children have no accomplishments as mummers, but merely come in dressed in fantastic costumes and talk in artificial voices through the extremely dirty rags which conceal their faces. Hugh and I insist on some sort of performance before we gratify their request of "We want some Christmas" many times repeated in a high begging voice. The janneyin' is kept up until Twelfth Night, which is quite long enough, we feel, after being called to the door three or four times every evening. Mrs. Stuckless and Winnie G., the postmistress, dressed up and came here one night when we were having a late supper, and Hugh not knowing them in their disguise, dismissed them with a summary "Not to-night, too late," and banged the door in their faces, much to their amusement.

I am really as busy just now as though I were in the city, for people keep coming here to put down their children's names for the tree, and presents and bags of candy for two hundred and fifty children must be ready before Saturday night.

This letter is going by the "Overland Mail" "into the Badger's" to connect with the train, so you can think of it as having had a glorious ride of some sixty miles behind a team of six or eight

dogs. The Prospero is expected to-night, and I greatly fear the barrel of books will not be on it, as we have had no mention of it in our bills of lading. I am very sorry, for this is probably our last boat until spring, and the scouts were going to have a public library for all the bay. I must take this down to the post office, only adding our devoted love to you all. The thought of you is gladness to the heart.

Letters from S. and E. dated December twenty-second came yesterday by the dog team, and I am hoping greedily for more on the Prospero to-day. We are quite in a whirl over having two mails so near together. There is far more I want to say than I have written, but next week ought to be freer, though my new maid is very stupid, I regret to say, and I am planning to start three cooking classes for the preventive consumption work. Blessed is that man who has found his work, for it maketh the waste places to sing!

Mail Team Leaving the Island

V.

A JANUARY CHRISTMAS

Friday, January 5, 1912.

CLEARER this morning. Not much snow fell, but drifts piled high in places. The Prospero stopped here on its way northward. A Miss Copping, from near Boston, was on board, bound for St. Anthony, where she is to teach school this winter. She came to our house for tea, and helped me gild nuts for the Christmas tree. Netta and Jack Roberts, Stella Garland and Livvy, strung popcorn, and we sat in the midst of boxes and piles of presents.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Stuckless, Miss Copping, a Mr. Follen, from the University of Pennsylvania, also bound for St. Anthony; Captain Kean and I went up to the Hospital to hear the talking machine and look at the building in its holiday adornment. Amelia Forbes made tea for us and we drank it in the kitchen with cookies and crackers. The Captain recited "The One Hoss Shay" and "Said the Wine Glass to the Water Glass," and I contributed "A Youth and Maid One Winter's Night." Then we went down to the boat where the poor Doctor had been un-

loading one hundred and sixty bags of coal all the evening with some assistance.

Saturday, January 6.

In the afternoon, Netta, Jack and Mary Roberts came over and helped us pop and string corn for the Christmas tree. All our time is devoted to choosing and tying up presents for over two hundred and fifty children and fifty grown people. Mrs. Webster has sent fifteen pounds of candy, tarletan and worsted for bags, some presents and a beautiful big box of ornaments for the tree. The other presents have been contributed by the Park Place Sunday school class, the Milwaukee-Downer Seminary, the Social Service Club, our family and various Boston people. Every day children come to give in their names for the tree, or their mothers tell us they have "been tormented by the children" ever since the play to give the Doctor their names. "Not one thing Ma'am," most of them reply, when I ask them what they have had for Christmas.

Monday, January 8.

About three o'clock a man came for me to go to Triton. It was then blowing hard and drifting. We crossed to Pilley's Tickle on snowshoes, and then to Head's Harbour in boat. Dusk was just coming on; out through the Tickle the "slob" ice could be seen, and the eastern horizon

was lit up by the reflected light from the snow and ice drifting from the north. The walking was good on shoes and the winding path over frozen ponds and through snow-covered groves of spruce, was beautiful.

At Card's Harbour, near the shore where the tide had come up and met the snow line, green, glittering, phosphorescent points of light were seen in the snow. It was now quite dark, and the moon was rising through the thin clouds and snow. We started back from Triton about eight o'clock, with the wind at our backs. On reaching Head's Harbour, the Tickle was full of huge blocks of ice, packed in solid with the drifting snow, but not high enough to walk on. A crowd of men and myself launched a boat on the ice, pushed it into the slob, jumped out on another cake, over which we dragged the boat, and so poling along between the cakes of ice and dragging the boat over them, we crossed the Tickle. I just dragged myself home after my first twelve miles on snowshoes,—almost the first in my life.

Wednesday, January 10.

Snowing again and very cold. The second overland mail came to-day. Bunty came behind it after a four days' trip to King's Point to see a typhoid case.

The mail brought us a thermometer. Ten degrees below. Seven dogs drew the komatik sled which brought the mail.

Saturday, January 13.

Slept late after the excitement. Bunty got back from Ward's Harbour last night, but was too tired to go to the tree.

Mrs. Shearing and Mrs. Wells called in the afternoon, and we had tea.

January 14, 1912.

Half-past four of a fine winter's afternoon, with the light from the setting sun lying rosily pink over the snow-covered harbour and hills. The children have just passed by on the road below resplendent in the new caps and bonnets that Santa Claus gave them last Friday night, and the time seems to have at last come for telling all of you who helped create that Santa Claus, what a Christmas you have given us at Pilley's Island.

In the first place, I wonder if you have any idea how common a thing it is up here for a child to get "Not a thing, ma'am" for Christmas; and the more fortunate ones rarely are given anything more romantic than a pair of mittens or "braces." So I need not describe the radiance in their faces when they saw their first doll or real toy, and realized that these treasures were their very own. One family of little children, whose father is a consumptive, were so excited by the idea of Christmas that they hung up their stockings two nights ahead of time, but their poor

mother had almost nothing to put in them, since her husband has not been able to work all summer. "Santa Claus didn't come to our house this year," the little six-year-old Dot told her aunt, who repeated it to me. "He went to the hospital, 'cause Martha had presents who was sick there, but mamma had to put the things in our stockings, and all I had was five cents from Aunt Lou and a piece of cake. The other children fared better, for they each had a reel of brilliant" (a skein of bright cotton). You can imagine how I felt when I heard this, and thought of the children at home who had more presents than they could look at in a morning, for these little children are as sweet and cunning as any I have ever seen, and have been carrying huge logs of wood up the long hill from the wharf to their house to help their mother since their father had to give up.

Fortunately the two older girls took part in the Christmas play, so they had been given presents from the Milwaukee-Downer box at our Christmas tree party, but the three younger children hadn't known one genuine Christmas thrill after all their anticipations. So their aunt arranged to have them hang their stockings up at her house the next Friday evening, and told them that Santa Claus was coming back to Pilley's Island from Shoe Cove, where he had gone to fill his pack again. They were wild with excitement, and brought their stockings over early

to be hung in the sitting room. The long-delayed "Prospero" had finally come, so I was able to contribute to each one a little package of silver-coated chocolates, a paper napkin filled with candies and animal crackers, a paper doll and its wardrobe for each little girl, and a picture book for three-year-old Max. Their aunt put a bright red apple in each toe, a little roll of baby ribbon, some nuts and candies, and a diminutive china doll for Lou and Dot and a tiny horse and cart for Max. The next morning I went over to watch them open their stockings, and how I wish you could all have had that privilege! The children were too awed at first to take them down, they looked so wonderfully bulging with mysteries, but we assured them they were for them, and they at last shyly reached up for them and began drawing out the various objects with careful hands. Everything was greeted with a rapturous "Oh!" and they laughed together over each animal cracker, which was immediately held up for inspection, and were spellbound by the sight of so many "sweets" all for them. The little dolls were hailed with joy, and when we put Max's cart on the floor and gave it a push so that it actually moved at least three inches before it stuck in the rug, our excitement and delight knew no bounds. I was glad to hold the baby in my lap and hide my face in her neck several times, for I felt that tears had no part in such an occasion, but it was unspeakably pa-

thetic to think how little was needed to bring about a visit from Santa Claus, and how nearly they had missed it.

"Well, I've got something now," breathed little five-year-old Dot with an expression of perfect contentment, while she looked first at her apple, then at the tiny doll, and then at the silver-wrapped chocolates. I rejoiced more than ever to think of the big tree which we were to have for all the children on the island and I have described this experience to show you that all that you did was worth while.

The next day was New Years, and in spite of a hard snow storm, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred people came to the "free tea" at the hospital between three and six. The wards were decorated with evergreen boughs, a tea table was set in each, presided over by a Pilley's Island lady, who sweetened the cups with sugar or molasses to suit the taste of the drinker. Livvy and May Barnes passed cookies, cheese, and sweet biscuit, and the guests all balanced two of each variety of refreshment on their knee while they drank their tea, which was pronounced "grand," in spite of the fact that the iron in the wash boiler had turned it to the color of ink. Four of our neighbours had contributed cookies, so that with what the Doctor bought at Mr. Shearing's store, the tables presented an appearance of rich prodigality. The talking machine furnished most welcome entertainment, the

doctors were radiant in white uniforms, the nurses, the soul of cordiality, and judging from the length of time the guests stayed, their enjoyment knew no bounds.

The next day Mrs. Stuckless and I began to devote all our energies to preparations for the Christmas tree, names for which were coming in in increasing numbers every day. The list finally grew to about two hundred and fifty, and we invited fifty grown people, since the calendars and cards that were given us would make excellent presents for them. We had planned the celebration for the night of January sixth—"Old Christmas"—but so hard a blizzard raged all day that we knew the children from Bumblebee Bight, Little Harbour and the other more distant settlements would not be able to come, so we postponed it until the following Friday. It was really a fortunate thing in the end, for more names kept coming in, and we found an immense amount of work to do each day. Mrs. S— took dinner here on Tuesday and Wednesday so as to be able to spend the entire day, and Hugh and Mr. S— helped us in their spare moments.

We cut out two hundred and fifty candy bags in the shape of little socks from tarletan Mrs. Webster sent in her most generous box, stitched them up on the machine, filled them with candy and tied them with bows of bright red worsted. The girls in my cooking class helped one afternoon, and the Roberts children came over and

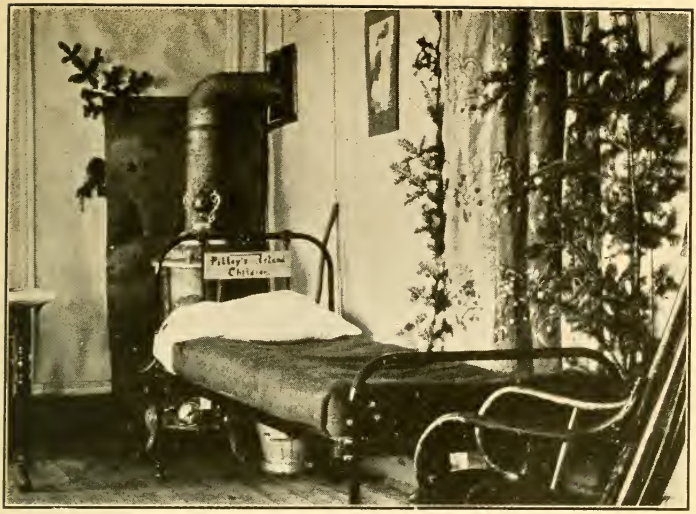
popped and strung popcorn with us, so we had many a social time together.

It was unusually stormy all the week, with frequent falls of snow and much high wind, but Friday dawned bright and clear, and the paths had been beaten down by travel sufficiently to make them easily passable. Hugh and Mr. Vierge went into the woods and got a beautiful, great tree which just cleared the ceiling of the hall, and we spent the afternoon decorating it and hanging the presents. Milly's bright-colored tissue papers and holly ribbon contributed so much to the appearance of the packages that we thanked her each time we did one up, especially as we had been reduced to brown wrapping paper, and had with difficulty restrained H— from tying the smallest packages with what was almost rope, before the Prospero finally came. I must also add that we gave Robert's boxes of crayons to three boys who, we knew, would be "charmed with them," and that Santa Claus read out before the entire audience, "For Jack Roberts from Robert Morison" when he presented the pop gun. Jack enjoyed the gun so thoroughly that I could hear it popping all the rest of the evening.

I had never seen more delightful ornaments than those Mrs. Webster sent, and certainly their like had never been on Pilley's Island before. While we were trimming the tree Steve R— remarked, "Well, there'll be some screechin' and

bawlin' to-night when the children catch a sight of this!" And later on he added, "when this tree gets lighted up I guess it'll look about like Paradise." It really was a beautiful sight with its long, graceful branches loaded with toys and dolls and glistening with ornaments and festoons of bright tinsel and popcorn, while the pink and green packages added color to the whole. The hall was so cold that we took up hot cocoa in thermos bottles and kept all our wraps on while we worked, but by evening the temperature was more than high enough,—especially for poor old Santa in his mask and furs!

We came home about five for a hasty supper, trimmed Santa's clothes with wide bands of cotton, so that he looked positively arctic, and then started back for the hall where the children had been gathering for almost two hours. You never could imagine a more glorious night; cold and clear, shining with white stretches of snow, and lighted not only by countless twinkling stars but by a most beautiful illumination of northern lights which flamed up far into the sky above the hills, and with their constantly shifting forms made a picture of radiant motion which I shall never forget. "The whole world is a Christmas tree and stars its many candles be" I thought as we walked on through all this silent splendor to where the door and windows of "Horangemen's 'All" showed many figures outlined black against the lamplight. The "porch," as



Bed at Hospital Paid for by Children's Mystery Play
Decorations for New Year's Tea

Eleazer Wear, the Doctor's Guide

they call the vestibule, was crowded with uninvited grown people waiting to see if there would be room for them to stand.

Santa Claus of course didn't come with us, as there was to be a short program before his arrival, but when the children saw Mrs. G— they broke into loud and continued applause, glad to have some outlet for their feelings. Only the top of the long-expected tree was visible in the half light behind the curtains, so that they were all keyed to the highest pitch of expectancy.

I started the talking machine on a Harry Lauder record, and then Mrs. S— and I went behind the curtain to do up some presents for children who had handed in their names at the eleventh hour. Then I made a short address of welcome, telling the children that I was sorry the Doctor couldn't be with us, but that they knew a doctor couldn't always control his time, etc., etc. This was followed by the singing of "A Funny Old Fellow" by the children who had been in the play, a recitation by one of the Harmy offspring; song, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," by Jack Roberts; reading, "Night Before Christmas," and "Don't Your Hear the Jingle Bells Ring Out from Santa's Sleigh!" by the children. In the midst of it, Mr. S—, who was doortender, came to the front of the room with a telegram in his hand which he said was marked "Important, Deliver at once," and was addressed to the Doc-

tor. So we stopped the singing and I read aloud the following:

"*To the Children of Pilley's Island:*

"Left North Pole at noon. Now at Flower's Cove. Expect me any minute.

"SANTA CLAUS."

This increased the general excitement immensely, and all the children turned around toward the door oftener than before, during the singing that followed, while the "Harmy Hensign" and the Methodist minister lighted the tree. When the song was ended we all listened intently, and sure enough there could be heard faintly at first but quickly growing louder and louder, "the jingle bells ringing out from Santa's sleigh," and "then in a twinkling" a window next the platform was opened as if by magic, and in popped the ruddy and smiling face, the red trousers, great coat, and top boots all trimmed with bands of pure white fur, of jolly old St. Nick himself! It was a great moment, and the hall echoed and reëchoed with resounding applause, shouts and laughter, while the littlest children began talking at the top of their high voices in their irrepressible excitement and wonder. Immediately the curtains in front of the tree were drawn, and there the marvellous thing stood revealed, shining and glittering in the light of its candles, its branches drooping with the weight of

smiling dolls, their arms outstretched toward their future mothers, silver trumpets waiting to be blown, mysterious bulky packages of pink and green, and a variety of toys from a red drum to a jumping jack! Steve had been right; there was "screechin' and bawlin'" indeed, and we knew that all our work had been worth while. Santa Claus was his own breezy self at his best, and kept the children laughing with his jokes while he shook hands with the boys crowded around the platform, inquired whether this was surely Pilley's Island, and announced that he must get to work on the presents at once as his reindeer were apt to grow impatient if kept waiting too long. The rest of the evening was one long round of enjoyment and I shall always remember the sight of bright eyes growing suddenly brighter, as the owner stepped forward to receive a gift and bag of candy from Santa's hand. I wish you could have seen one little tot of a girl who had been saying to her family that she "*must* have a doll," come fairly striding up the crowded aisle with the look of one who would get there in the face of any obstacle, when she heard her name called and saw a beautiful blue-clothed doll that actually shut its eyes when you laid it down! It had been given by the Sunday-school class at Park Place, and I shall write the children that they certainly chose well, for everything they sent was received with thrills of joy. The evening closed with three rousing cheers for Santa Claus, and

we had difficulty in persuading the children to leave such a scene of enchantment.

We have been hearing ever since of the satisfaction which many presents gave. One entire family spent so much time Saturday afternoon in fitting together a picture puzzle that the father forgot to bring in the usual "turns" of water for Sunday. A little girl who had been given an undressed celluloid doll told Livvy to "say thank you to Mrs. Greeley for my doll," and was perfectly happy to carry it around in a large blanket "because it was naked." One mother told me she couldn't get her children to bed until twelve o'clock that night, so enraptured were they with their presents, and yesterday a little girl about thirteen came to the house to tell me how much she liked her gift—a little tie—and how much obliged all the family were for the things they had been given. "There are so many of us," she said, "and we each got something; and mamma thinks her present is lovely; every time she goes up stairs she speaks of it and I thought you would be hearing that some people as are never contented with anything don't like their presents, and so I wanted to tell you how much we thank you for ours." I thought that was pretty remarkable, especially for the daughter of a hopeless drunkard and a poor, sickly mother. Every girl who got a cap was "charmed" with it, and won't wear it except on Sundays, though they are simply knitted from wool.

The Christmas play and the party we gave the cast are so far past that I can't remember how much I have told you about them, so you will have to ask me questions if there is anything special you want to know. Now that the holidays are at last over and our storeroom, dining room and parlor restored to order—we looked for two weeks like a factory in the "rush season"—our attention is mainly engaged with the cooking classes and the reading club. I have eight older girls and young married women in one class, and ten younger girls in another. They meet Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and our first two meetings have been more successful than I dared hope. We are studying food principles, classification of foods, relative digestibility and nutritive values of different food stuffs, and proper ways of cooking, with enough of the simplest physiological facts to make the classes see reasons for things. The younger class starts to-morrow. At the second meeting of the older one yesterday, the members recited what had been discussed the week before, having studied it from their notes, and I was greatly pleased to see how much they remembered.

To illustrate ways of cooking cornmeal, I had made a loaf of steamed brown bread and an Indian pudding and Mrs. Stuckless made some porridge during the meeting, all of which were new to the girls, and were pronounced "grand" after being sampled. Next week each member is to

bring one of the ingredients in a rule for corn bread and we will make it together. Deborah K—said it had been even more interesting yesterday than the week before. So I am hoping that the girls will really become convinced of the truth of what they learn.

The Reading Club is for grown people, and is to meet every Monday evening. We held our first meeting this week, seventeen being present. The English literature books which Mary H— gave us, constitute our library for study, and are accordingly invaluable to us. We divide the evening into two parts; the first hour, from seven to eight, being devoted to study; the second hour to reading aloud of entertaining books. We began with the earliest days of literature, read about the coming of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons to Britain, their mingling with the native Celts, and then discussed passages from their poetry which were given in the textbooks. Mr. Stuckless had Bede for his special topic, and next week Mrs. G— is to have Cædmon and Cynewulf, and Mrs. S— Alfred the Great. Hugh read aloud from Howard Pyle's Robin Hood during the second hour, to the great enjoyment of everyone. The poor little minister who feeds on Wesley's sermons and the theology of Methodism all the week, shouted with laughter when Robin called little John "a saucy varlet," and listened to every word with rapt attention. Almost every member told how much he had enjoyed the eve-

ning, and this from a Newfoundlander means a great deal.

The Boy Scouts have started out the New Year with at least twice the energy they displayed before, and the addition of eight or ten candidates for Tenderfoot has so swelled the ranks that a boy has to work hard in order to stay in. The boxing gloves and baseballs from Mrs. Webster made a marked impression on all the boys at the Tree, and Steve suggested that we announce the next meeting from the platform, as he knew we'd "have a crowd of new fellers." We have a new treasurer, a boy of seventeen who is so business-like in his methods that it brings joy to our hearts. Hugh has started a class in First Aid to the Injured for the candidates for Second Class Scouts, and the two Howell boys are teaching the rest some military drills they learned in a brigade at Grand Falls. Lester B— and I are helping the new members to learn the requirements for Tenderfoot, and Bunty is director of boxing, so we shall have plenty to occupy our time this winter.

I trust that my readers young and old will realize from these hastily written pages that there is a reason for the occasional nature of my letters, and that it does not mean we have forgotten those that we love in the south because we are devoting all our time to the north. The winter is flying by so fast that we feel we ought to make the most of every moment, though we

hate to think that our replies are so inadequate to the most welcome letters which the dog teams bring us every week.

We thank you each and all from our hearts for all the support and encouragement you have given us, and can assure you that the thought of your interest has helped us through many a discouragement. For life is not all roses, even for missionaries in Newfoundland!

Wednesday, January 14.

The thermometer twenty below. Started out about nine o'clock with two men to go to Ward's Harbour to see a sick woman. Crossed Pilley's Island on rackets, following the telegraph line. Beautiful, clear morning. Crossed Long Tickle and walked into Lush's Bight on the ice. Very rough, slippery going. Blocks of ice were tipped at all angles and covered with light snow. Reached Ward's Harbour about twelve-thirty. Woman not sick. Started back about two, seeing four patients on the way back: Rheumatic fever, Potts' disease, pulmonary tuberculosis, and overfeeding. Left Lush's Bight about four o'clock. The sun set while I was crossing the ice. Looking out to sea beyond about two miles of white ice, was the deep Tyrian blue of the open water, while the distant hills away from the sun were a beautiful purple, more beautiful than I had ever seen them because of the startling clearness of the atmosphere. The sky was a beautiful rose

Well House Found After Two Hours' Search

Winter Travel

color everywhere reflected on to the white ice fields in the distance. Truly an Arctic scene. I reached Pilley's Island and got half home before it became very dark. The path was easy to follow through the woods, but when I came to the burnt wood tract it became increasingly difficult to find the poles as they were almost indistinguishable from the tall burnt trees in the night. I floundered along, taking the direction from the wires, which I could barely make out against the sky. Pretty soon it got too dark for them and I had to follow the hum of the wind in the wire. Thus plowing from pole to pole I finally reached home, tired, but having had a good day without mishaps. Plenty warm from the exercise. Refreshed on the way home by a frozen apple, bites of frozen cheese, and mouthfuls of snow. In all I covered about twenty-five miles.

Monday, January 15.

Rested, sawed wood, and spent a lazy day. Thermometer fifteen above. The first meeting of the Reading Club. Fifteen present. F— gave a reading on early England and the English, showing the determining causes of their literature and style. Then followed a few selections on the Victrola, and an hour of Howard Pyle and Robin Hood. The meeting broke up at about nine-thirty.

Tuesday, January 16.

The thermometer four below. Snowing and blowing hard from the northeast.

The second meeting of the Tuesday Cooking Class. Celie Rowsel added to the list of members. We reviewed last week's lesson, which the girls had evidently studied carefully.

Friday, January 26.

Started at nine o'clock of a fine but very cold day, with a team of four dogs and sledge for Three Arms. Went across the harbor to Lory Bats Cove, then across the neck to Jerry's Run, which had jammed with ice and frozen up very rough and slippery. Cakes of ice tilted in every direction. One man had to run or walk ahead of the leader. I went behind and steadied the slide. After about three miles of this we reached Miles Cove and crossed the neck to Wellman's Cove. No road path. Sledge always veered toward the right, necessitating alighting and putting back on the track.

Stopped for a "spell" at Wellman's Cove, where we overtook Mr. King and his eight men and komatik carrying Harold home.

From Wellman's Cove to Little Bay Island where we had to go because it was not frozen around Hall's Head, the ice was very smooth and slippery, and the wind fairly blew the dogs off their feet.

The leader had never led before, so Smith or I had to lead him by running ahead. We were thankful to do this at times on account of the bitter cold.

Ate some dinner at Suliann's Cove, and started on for Wild Bight just as King's crowd came up with us. One of them held on the back of our sledge and got a lift, so that our poor dogs struggled against the wind on very slippery ice, their feet sore and bleeding from the sharp ice of the early part of the trip. Bitter cold. Shook King's party pretty soon. Arrived at Wild Bight about three o'clock. Stopped a few minutes and went across country to Southern Arm, then to Three Arms, arriving about four-thirty P. M.

Greeted by Mr. Morris, who calmly remarked that we ought to have walked through the night before instead of waiting for a dog team. He was also disappointed to see me instead of Bunty, saying behind my back that I "couldn't be a day over eighteen."

Saw about ten cases of measles, all in defervescing stage. All with a great deal of bronchitis and high temperature. Adults especially sick. Spent the night and left at noon the next day, arriving at Miles Cove just at dark. Crossed the nobbly ice in the dark, arriving home very tired after my first dog-team ride,—about fifty miles, with leader who had never led before and who was sick so that the ride consisted in good

part of running before the dogs, showing them the way.

Sunday, January 28.

Blizzard. Great deal of snow and fierce wind. Bunty comes from Lush's Bight and gets lost on Sunday Cove Island, reaching here at four P. M. Mr. Allenby, the Methodist minister, loses his way for over half an hour in Card's Harbour, on account of the driving snow.

Monday, January 29.

Still snowing. Reading Club postponed on account of storm.

Thursday, February 1.

Mild and almost raining. Called to Roberts' Arm. Tramped across the harbour up through Lory Bats' Cove, across the neck and pond and Jerry's Run. Good walking, but no path. Got to Roberts' Arm about eleven-thirty. Washed a baby's face (impetigo). Returned at one-thirty, where one of Mrs. Greeley's bountiful and delicious repasts awaited me.

It is amusing to see how quick the roosters are to proclaim a milder day. You hear Mrs. Shearing's begin to crow the minute the thermometer goes up, or as Mrs. Forward said the other day, "The fowls are bawlin' " quite as though the well were not almost hidden by a drift of snow.

VI.

ON DOG TEAMS AND SNOW SHOES

Pilley's Island, Newfoundland,
February 2, 1912.

To M. L. C.

PEACE be unto you and greetings from the Isle of Pilley. When we consider that the month after next is April, and that then the "month after next" is June, our hearts grow great in anticipation. If you knew how constantly we plan for your visit, and how we think of you in connection with every detail of our life here, you would be even more anxious—than you are!—to come and be a Pill. Your letters, rare both as to quantity and quality, give us endless diversion; our only criticism can be in regard to their frequency. As for us, we are unbelievably busy for people living in a semi-solitude. But like the other great men whom Emerson writes of, we find the path to our door daily becoming more beaten, though our specialty is neither rat traps, pictures, nor sermons. What it is I will now unfold to you:

Monday night—Reading Club, which means preparation of an hour's condensed talk on what-

ever period of English Literature we are studying.

Tuesday afternoon—Older Cooking Class, which means a much longer preparation of an hour's talk—or more—on whatever varieties of foodstuffs we are studying. Hugh brought up several invaluable pamphlets issued by the Bureau of Experimentation in Washington on staple foods, and I bought him Dr. Wiley's "Foods and Their Adulteration"—a most instructive tome—when I was in Boston, so that with the help of a lively imagination and some scattered memories of my physiology course last year, I have plenty of material. The members are so genuinely interested in everything we do that the work is a pure joy. Each girl reports from fifteen to twenty new dishes (cheap and nutritive) made at home during the week from the recipes dictated at the lesson, all of which their families have "liked grand." Next week we are to consider ways of making tough meat palatable, a most timely subject as you will realize after eating our home-grown beef or mutton. We have begun sewing small articles, such as bags, ties and traveling cases for the sale which we are to hold in the spring, followed by a supper cooked by the girls—price, $0.20—which in turn is to be followed by a concert arranged by Mrs. Stuckless, and all for the benefit of the hospital. Tell Milly the pieces and laces and embroidery silks which she gave me supply us with material, to-

gether with the things E— Quarles contributed, and the girls are enraptured by them. I began in both classes, as mother suggested, by having each member make a bag for her work, from some silk curtains which came in a mission box. I am surprised to see how thoroughly the girls enjoy sewing, and they are all excitement over the thought of our tea and sale. While they work we play the talking machine or I read aloud, and I have difficulty in getting them to leave at six.

On Thursday the younger class meets.

Saturday evening, the Boy Scouts hold their meeting, at which H— and I are always present to prompt the president, when he gets temporarily embarrassed, and to goad the members into making motions "clearly and promptly." The Club has doubled in size since December, and requires considerable management and direction. I am much pleased to observe the various forms of "self activity" which now go on all in one evening: In the club room, the candidates for admission are learning—very laboriously—the history of the Union Jack and the Scout Law, or being shown by an older boy how to tie "four standard knots." In the exercise room, two panting boys, under Dr. Webster's direction, are being taught to box, with many wild lunges at each other. In the kitchen, the house committee's representatives are sawing wood for dear life to feed the stove in the club room, the wind whistling through the unglazed windows, and

piles of snow lying cozily about everywhere. While they saw, they violently dispute with each other as to the proper wording of the "history of the flag," as I have given them strict orders to hear each other say it without a moment's pause until they know it. At the hospital, Dr. Greeley is teaching "First Aid to the Injured" to the candidates for Second Class Scouts, who begin to feel a desired pride in their rank since the new members have come in. Last Saturday, four "big fellers" of eighteen and twenty joined our ranks for a month's probation, and we are very much interested to see what sort of material they will furnish.

On Sunday mornings, we go to church when the drifts aren't too high, and in the afternoon, if there are enough patients at the hospital, we hold a little service there, Hugh, Amelia and I singing hymns unaccompanied except by suppressed gusts of laughter on A's or my part, when H— gets the tune wrong. Amelia spent a week here recently, nursing a strained knee, and contributing much to our enjoyment. She is a splendid girl, and makes the best of company.

Friday, February 2.

A much-belated mail came on foot, bringing a letter from Sister Grace and a receipted bill.

Saturday, February 3.

Started to make the regular call at Triton. Followed mailman's route across Bumble Bee Bight and Pilley's Tickle to Pollard's and then across Long Arm to Triton. Saw case of chronic nephritis.

Ate my cheese and bread while walking. Returned through Card's Harbour, arriving home about six-thirty. Total distance about fifteen miles.

Scout meeting at six-thirty. Third meeting of First Aid to the Injured Class, at which we reviewed hemorrhage and its control, arteries and veins and circulation, and began discussion of fracture.

A violent easterly wind at Triton had broken up the ice and was blowing it in shore, so that the sea was one mass of floating pieces. Some huge ice islands, rising like tall and stately castle turrets, their tops veiled in mist, were seen majestically cold and forbidding far out to sea. This had given a few hardy fishermen the chance to go with boat and gun in search of seals.

Sunday, February 4.

Went to church. The Methodist revival begins to-day, and continues for two weeks. Mr. A— holds daily meetings at which he hopes all those still "in the world" will "cry and weep their way to Jesus."

Monday, February 5.

No meeting of the Reading Club on account of the Methodist revival.

This prayer came to us in the mail this morning. Perhaps it is one of the results of the revival:

COMMON PRAY

Oh lord Jesus I implore thee to Bless all Mankind to keep me from evil and take me to live with the Eternally this prays was Sent to me and was send all over the World Copy and Send it to Nine Friends Sign no name and See what it will Bring to you it was Said in Jesus time that All who wrote this pray would be Delivered from all Calamities But who fail to Send it would Suffer Some great Misfortune Commence this day you Received it and for Nine Days Copy and Send to Someone that Ninth Day you will received some great Joy.

Do Not Break the Chain.

Tuesday, February 6.

The overland mail arrived after dark, making their arrival known by the barking of the dogs and the cheering of the boys. Steve brought a huge bag of it to us, and we feasted on the contents till late in the night (for us).

Thursday, February 8.

I talked at the schoolhouse to a crowd of boys and girls and a few "grown ups," on "germs and personal and general hygiene," with some tb. germs under the microscope for the gaping crowd to view with awe and wonder.

February 9, 1912.

To E. W. E.

I wish more and more that you could have brought the millennium to the children here by taking the school this winter. It's all I can do to keep from transplanting the present incumbent —or incubus—myself. He "serves the children something cruel" and last week beat one of the nicest little girls over the head, threw her pencil box out of the window, broke her slate and tore up a book of hers because she was inattentive. You might tell this to Class 5, so that they can appreciate their good luck in having been born in the tolerant "States."

I appreciate so much your enthusiastic references to mother's intended visit, because I often have qualms as to whether I am selfish in urging her to come. But I think she can't fail to revel in the experience and if everyone in the U. S. doesn't hold up his hands in too great horror at the thought of such an ordeal, she ought to be able to start off with comparative elation. People will never believe that we lead a life of

serene happiness up here until they share it with us.

Friday, February 9.

Walked to Newtowne, starting at seven-fifteen A. M. Wet, misty and snowy morning. Ice latter part of the way very "slobby," but not enough so that my snowshoes really sank into it.

Saw several people, including Mrs. Goudy, whom I had treated all summer for phthisis. She is now dying of it, having been unable to take care of herself. Snowed hard part of the way home, which I reached at one P. M.

Saturday, February 10.

Scout meeting. Talks on courtesy and chivalry, by Mrs. Greeley and the Doctor.

Sunday, February 11.

Twenty-five below zero, and furious wind blowing all night. Sky absolutely clear but at times atmosphere so full of snow that one can only see a short distance. In the house at home all day, reading, etc.

Monday, February 12.

Clear and cold. Mail reported leaving St. John's to-night. Letter from Obadiah Winsor at Triton, cracking up the hospital in a loyal spirit.

The goats are forlorn objects, as they wander from one yard to another, chewing at brown, frozen grass blades, and giving only an occasional melancholy bleat, quite unlike their conversational fluency of last summer.

Tuesday, February 13.

Cooking Class once more.

In the morning I took the little clothes Mrs. Fiske gave me to Mrs. Stuckless, for Dot, and to Mrs. Roberts, for Evelyn, both aged five and very cunning. Their joy was beautiful to behold, and I wished that Mrs. Fiske could have seen it. "Well, I'm fixed now," Dot exclaimed to her mother with a beaming smile, and that night after she had gone to bed, she said happily, "I'm glad I'm just as big as I am and no bigger, for I certainly will look lovely in those clothes." When I left the Robertses, Evelyn screwed up her courage to exclaim, "Say, Mrs. Greeley, Oh, I think they're just perfectly beautiful!"

Wednesday, February 14.

The mail left Millertown.

Members of the "First Aid to the Injured" class did not all meet at the Club, so we had a general discussion, and illustrated resuscitation from drowning by artificial respiration.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuckless and I carried valentines around to various neighbours,—the Roberts

and Mills children, the little Stucklesses and several others. We waited until dusk, and let Mr. S— do the knocking and running, while we hid behind a wood pile or a corner of the house, restraining our shrieks of laughter with difficulty when the poor man plunged head first into a snow drift. The valentines were second-hand postcards with paper pasted over the old addresses, but the pleasure of the receivers was in no way impaired by this detail, we have learned. It was such a glorious night! The cold purity of the air, the glittering brightness of the stars, and the white stretches of the snow on the hills and harbour, made "but being alive bliss, and being young very ecstasy."

Thursday, February 15.

Miss Forbes to dinner. Cooking Class. Mail! Gave lecture at schoolhouse in evening on tuberculosis.

Saturday, February 17.

Rather quiet day. Scouts meeting at night. Scouts reported on deeds of chivalry during the week.

First Aid to the Injured Class had a complete review. Mrs. G— read "Sir Launfal."

Storming quietly when we came home.

Sunday, February 18.

Another howling blizzard this morning, but not so severe as usual. Went to the hospital for a

few minutes. Aside from this had a quiet day at home reading medical journals.

Had a roast duck for dinner which tasted, as do all the other live stock and dairy products here,—like fish. Yolks of eggs are just like smoked herring. Chickens taste like smoked salmon. Sea birds are flying fish. The cause lies in the exclusively fish diet of fowls and chickens. The disappointment of the housekeeper may be imagined, when the first fresh eggs we have had in months, were brought to our door by a woman from Card's Harbour last week and I joyfully bought all she had, mentally planning a complete "egg dinner" as a surprise for the doctor. We had omelet, custard and sponge cake, and every one of these much anticipated dishes tasted exactly the same,—like the salt fish the hens had been fed on. Mrs. S— tells me that no one ever buys eggs from Card's Harbour as fish is the regular chicken diet there.

Monday, February 19.

Said to be the worst winter for snow in ten years. Snow on the railroad in many places, soft and deep. Only one freight train across the country since Christmas. Mild and thawing here now.

Reading Club met here in the evening. *First.* Brief discussion of literature of the Bible. *Second.* Early development of English literature. *Third.* Reading of old English ballads.

Tuesday, February 20.

Mild. No news of any mail. Cooking Class. Bunty left on dog team for a week or more at King's Point.

The most beautiful white fog moved slowly through the Narrows into the harbour and so on over all the island just at dusk. It was curious to see it in the presence of so much snow. I heard a chickadee on Mrs. Shearing's porch this morning, and hurried to throw out crusts of bread for it, but her wretched cat frightened it away, and fought with a neighbour for the crusts. This was a necessary addition to its diet, I imagine, after the pounds of our venison that it consumes jucily whenever the woodshed door is left open.

Wednesday, February 21.

Local mail came. Nothing for us. Still mild. The air had a real spring feeling to it which made Mrs. Stuckless and me search with enthusiasm for a suitable spot for a picnic, but the drifted snow refused to make a place for us. I called on the Forwards in the morning and found Ella sitting on the sofa regarding with rapture the valentine which she had been sent by an unknown admirer, and which was really an old picture postcard with "To My Valentine" printed on it in the Doctor's hand. She divided her absorbed attention between this and a postcard that

Emily had sent her some months ago, turning them over and over with complete admiration.

Thursday, February 22.

Mild. Cooking Class. Intense interest. Lecture at the school on care of the teeth. Announcement of Public Library to be opened at hospital.

Celebrated Washington's Birthday with an American Flag, Washington pie and My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Mrs. Rondell, an old lady at the hospital, was called for by an ox sled which H— says consisted solely of two runners held together at each end by a cross piece, and four uprights. It was evidently expected that the old lady would reach from one cross piece to the other, but H— finally got a plank to bridge over the hiatus, and they strapped her on with a hospital blanket and a safety pin. Her road home lay across the harbour, which was then about two feet deep in slob ice, so I didn't entirely envy her the journey.

The Scouts came to hear the Victrola in the evening.

Friday, February 23.

Turned cold again toward night. Quiet day. Mrs. S— and I had a most delightful walk "over Bumble Bee Bight way," ending in the meadow which looks over toward the hospital. There was a high wind blowing and the cold air was glori-

ous. We met "a moving wood" which proved to be a sled loaded with evergreen trees, and pushed from behind by a man who doubtless has his opinion of Samuel Anthony for having the dogs killed in order to protect his sheep. There is an icy crust on the snow, since the late "mild" has been followed by freezing, and H— went over to Bumble Bee Bight to order some planks for a toboggan. We stopped in at Mrs. Roberts' on the way back, and asked her to come home with us for tea. Amelia was here enjoying the Victrola and open fire when we got back, so we had quite a party.

Sunday, February 25.

Went to church. The drifts are now so high that we walk on a level with the tops of the telegraph poles.

Monday, February 26.

Reading Club in the evening. After an hour spent in the history of English literature up to Spenser's time, continuing the discussion of the Renaissance in England, I read aloud some of the King Arthur stories.

Mr. and Mrs. F— came to dinner at night because it was Mr. F's sixty-second birthday. Grace was said by Mrs. F—, and later, just before our dessert came in, Mr. F— thanked the Lord again. This was fortunate, as he did not care for the ice cream, so he could not have been

so thankful after taking it. "This would be good in hot weather," he said.

He enjoyed the reading so much that he wished he could "go in and out of the words with a hox instead of a 'arse and have a lot of time to read."

I went into the woods in the morning and helped Mr. F— and Mr. S— with a load and rode out with Mr. Roberts.

Tuesday, February 27.

Telegraphed Springdale for a dog team to take me around the southern part of the bay on my route.

Wednesday, February 28.

About four o'clock Mr. Joshua Gilliard came in with six dogs. After discussing route, lack of path, soft snow and the fact that he didn't know the way, we decided to give it up for the present anyway. So he went to bed with his dogs at the hospital. He was dressed in a very picturesque large, brown check, with patches of brown shading in the material, a hunter's and trapper's suit looking much like deer hide.

We all went to bed, but were routed out by a telegram brought by hand from Roberts' Arm from Bunty. "Acute appendix Springdale. Come at once." We dressed at top speed, replied we were coming, and Miss Gleason and I and Mr. Gilliard started off at twelve midnight. The dogs were all black but one. "Frisco," the leader, then "Stump," then "Traveler," then

"Miner," then "Hunter," and "Bob." They led well and needed no urging, but doggedly tugged away in their harness across Jerry's Run. We had to walk to Spencer's Rock, because the road was so sliding.

The sky was heavily overcast, but a nearly full moon behind the clouds made the hills and trees stand out clearly in their snowy garb. When we finally got to Roberts' Arm, after walking through about two miles of deep slob, we struck into the woods, now going through short clumps of firs, now over the crest of a burned over hill on which the naked trees were tossed about like scattered jackstraws. Then winding down some abrupt slope, we would glide onto a level white pond, the path being blown over and only wide enough for the komatik, so that whenever the dogs or we got off, we would sink into deep snow up to our middle. The moon would peep through occasionally and cast a beautiful soft light on hill and snow-covered fir. The path was so narrow and the trees so thick in places and so straight and tall in their snowy beauty, that we seemed to be passing along amid cathedral spires. The woods were warm and the stillness unbroken except by the occasional "Now Hunter," "Back Bob," "Frisco, hold off." Some of the open glades seemed so quiet and beautiful and warm in their garment of snow that we should not have been surprised to have come upon Titania sleeping on a bank, or Puck darting through the air

across our path. At other times, after winding up to the summit of a hill by a path so narrow that from behind the dogs' backs were one continuous black line threading slowly along like a huge snake,—for the light of the moon gave us only outlines and not details,—we would come upon a scene whose wildness reminded me of the fastness of an Indian chief, or an outlook whence he could see the distant hills and the sea, whose dull, slaty black we caught sight of through the trees and heard the wash of the waves on the shore.

Finally descending abruptly along a cliff we fairly dropped onto a shelf of ice about six to eight feet wide with the tall, black, precipitous cliffs on the left, and the heaving sea on the right, filled with ice and slob, tossing and splashing in the tide. The shelf of ice and snow over which our road went, shone with bright spots of phosphorescence as the waves retreated from it.

After skirting our way along these cliffs for about a half mile, we struck across the frozen bay and in another hour were at Springdale, having traveled six hours and passed through a fairyland of beauty, which passes description. Ponds, hills, woods, glades, bleak marshes, rocky cliffs, the open sea and the frozen bay in the pale and clouded moonlight, made the trip one of mystic and marvelous beauty, the experience of a lifetime.

An acute appendix operation was pulled off Friday morning. I left for home at one P. M., and arrived at five-thirty, having enjoyed the trip almost as much as I did going over in the night, especially coasting down the hill at breakneck speed, not caring for trees or stumps, through which we went with incredible safety, not once grazing them, although we expected at any moment to be brought up fair against one. The komatik steered itself with wonderful accuracy, and went so fast that once or twice we ran the dogs down in our headlong speed. I came back alone with Bunty's fresh team and Mr. Budgell, of Southwest Arm.

Tuesday, March 5.

Started with Mr. Wear on my southern trip. A bitter cold day. Mr. Wear carried my rucksack, I a small knapsack. Before we reached the first point beyond Mr. Forward's, about a five minutes' walk, Mr. Wear's ear was frozen, and when he looked around at me he said, "Your nose is right solid." The end of it was frozen. I thawed it quickly, and we continued our way. A minute later, as we turned the point, the cold wind struck us and brought tears to my eyes. I closed them to squeeze them out and the tears froze my lashes together. We struck out at a good pace, keeping our hands over our faces. By nine o'clock the sun had warmed the air a little, and by eleven, when we reached Shoal Arm,

Badger Bay, after crossing Sop's Arm, it was quite comfortable traveling. Here we stopped for tea and ate our lunch, borrowed the key to Mr. Budgell's shop and went in search of a pair of skin boots which I had ordered. I found one pair in his office and appropriated them.

We then struck out across Badger Bay, and crossed the neck to Seal Bay, Bog Harbour, reaching there about two-thirty. Tea again. We left to cross Seal Bay, but got lost and wandered up nearly to the bottom of the Bay, instead of crossing directly to Buckley Cove, to which we got back after losing fully an hour. Buckley Cove was full of a small growth of birches and spruce, and literally crossed and recrossed with thousands of rabbit tracks. As we came into Lockes' Harbour, it was getting dusk, and we met three men and a team of three dogs hauling wood, who asked us home with them. We were ready enough to go as it was getting nipping cold again and my face was fairly numb.

After about a mile of travel we took off our snowshoes for the first time that day, and on the path we came to a winter tilt under a hill. A tilt is a roughly-made one-story shack built in the woods, thus providing shelter from the winter storms and making it possible to get fuel easily. On entering, the first sight which struck our eye was a day-old lamb by the stove, giving out its "blat" at regular and frequent intervals and keeping it up all night. Supper of rabbit was

prepared and we sat down tired and hungry. While eating, I felt a "nip" at my foot and looked down to see that I was sitting close to a bench which went around the wall and was in fact barred across the front to make a chicken coop, and it was an old hen pecking her nose through the bars at my foot. While eating we looked around at the cabin, a one-room affair divided across the end and middle by hanging quilts into three compartments. The only light came from a window two feet by one and a half in the main part, the two sleeping quarters being unlighted and unaired. The floor was covered with saw dust; around the room were the hencoops. The door of entrance came through a sort of shed or "porch" and was about three feet high, so you had almost to crawl in. Two families lived here. One moved out to some neighbours' and Mr. Wear and I occupied one "bed room" and one bed, being thrust into the darkness behind the quilt. Whether we were to find bread rising in the bed, as sometimes is the case, or more animated objects, we did not know. The dirt we could not see, but could feel and smell. The bunk was of three-quarters width and one-half the usual length of a bed, so that it was only the fatigue of our first day's tramp of about eighteen miles which made rest possible.

The Doctor on Walking Trip

Wild Bight

Wednesday, March 6.

We tumbled out early and crossed the Neck and took the ice for Leading Tickle, reaching there about eleven o'clock. After seeing a few patients, we repaired to Mr. Lannon's and had dinner. Spent the rest of the day in visiting patients. Measles had run an unchecked course through the community, none who had not had it escaping.

Thursday, March 7.

Went to the Eastern Tickle, saw a few patients and then started for Cottles Cove, crossing the country some distance above the Tickle in order to insure firm ice across New Bay. Even then, there were many small, unfrozen places and a staff was necessary to test the ice where snow had covered it. We reached Cottles Cove at about two-thirty. As we came across the ice, we saw a "nose hole" in thin ice where a seal had poked his head up to breathe.

Crossed to Fortune Harbour to let them know of our advance and wire home. A milder and easier day. Sixteen miles.

VII.

WE WELCOME A STRANGER

March 8, 1912.

DURING the past five weeks we have had but one mail, and this noon when Whitehorn and his team finally appeared he brought a sled almost bare of bags, and the one which it did boast contained only local letters—odious little Newfoundland envelopes holding requests for pills—and some packages which had been held at Badgers for several weeks, and none of which apparently was destined for the Greeley family. If we hadn't telegraphed home so recently, I should be tempted to send you a night letter to-day, but since there is nothing of startling importance to communicate, I shall allow chill penury to check my noble rage and freeze the genial current of my soul.

My friends, I am alone. The Doctor left me on Tuesday morning with Mr. Wear as guide, to travel on foot through his southern district, healing the sick and cheering the weak and aged as he goes. If I hadn't thought it would have made him seem too pitifully like "Henpecko the Monk"—as Bunty called him when he found him doing the family washing in Livvy's absence—I should

have stated frankly that I hated the thought of his going; but he was so anxious to be up and doing and business was so slack nearer home that I couldn't bear to suggest his giving it up, particularly as Bunty has just been on a two weeks' northern trip which netted the hospital a welcome eighty dollars. Mr. Wear knows every foot of the way and promised me to take no risks on "slob ice" or drifted paths, and the weather has been gloriously perfect ever since they left until to-day, when it is again snowing. I had a telegram, much to my joy, last night, saying that they had reached Cottle's Cove in the morning and were having a fine trip, and asking me to reply to Fortune to-day, so you see they are covering the ground quite rapidly. I expect them back a week from Saturday, and meanwhile the time is passing pleasantly for me with many hours of sleep, a long walk each day, my classes, and the baby's dear clothes to be sewed upon, a task, or rather a recreation,—in which my soul finds an increasingly greater delight. If the little garments all have "the vitality of a free-hand drawing," at least there never were more affectionate stitches taken nor more loving touches given, since babies were first miraculously expected. I have one more occupation in the book-keeping lesson which Mr. Stuckless is giving me so that I can keep the hospital accounts. I have wanted to relieve Hugh of this ever since we came, and he finally agreed to turn it over to me

as it's such a good chance to learn from an experienced person. Mr. S— gave me three large tomes from the Mining Company's relics, a cash book, journal and ledger, and a bottle of red ink and sheaf of blotters, so that I am quite comme il faut in my methods. You should see me wearing white cuffs over my sleeves as I "post to the ledger" or consult Hugh's letter books just like a real business woman! I fair laugh.

One of the pleasantest experiences I have ever had is the giving of grammar and composition lessons to Mr. and Mrs. S— and Miss G—, the telegraph operator. They are so eager to learn that even—father or Sam, let us say—couldn't help enjoying the rôle of teacher, so that you can imagine what delight I find in it. They take the greatest pains with their lessons, and are studying out of some old textbooks that they had, until the new ones come. We have had two evening classes this week and are to meet again tonight, as it is a splendid way of relieving my "long, sad vigils" during the Doctor's absence.

The most delightful thing of all I have left till the last, and that is the winter picnics that we have been on twice! The first time Amelia went with the Stucklesses and me, and we got Mr. Blackmore who was going in for wood, to drive us part way on his sled. We go past the hospital and up a long hill and then down another hill to the left until we come to a large rock sheltered from the wind where we sit on shawls and watch

Mr. S— build a fire while we unpack the lunch. If you see Ruth M— do tell her how invaluable her thermos bottles and case are. Our first dinner consisted of venison broiled over the fire on long sticks, hot baked potatoes brought from the hospital, macaroni and cheese, coffee, bread and butter, gingerbread, cookies and cheese; with a view of white encircling hills, and a snow shoe trail patterned out across Long Pond and up the long slope leading to "the route" which would have stirred the hearts of the dullest company. Yesterday Mr. Forward took Mrs. S— and me, while Mr. S— went ahead to start the fire. It was an even more beautiful day than the other one had been, with a silvery blue light lying over all the shining hills, so that I thought Emanuel Land could not have looked more wonderfully beautiful to Christian than this did to me. The snow thaws just enough at noonday to make a coating of water which freezes against later on and glistens in the sunlight like a magic veil. We are having almost cloudless blue skies, sometimes very deep in hue, sometimes pale turquoise, and the contrast with the white snow beneath fills one with gratitude.

We had two ministers to tea last Monday evening,—Mr. T—, in whom we take a really parental interest, and a Mr. L— from Little Bay Island, who came down to assist at the "Mission'ry meetin'." He is quite superior to most representatives of the cloth about here, is an Englishman

by birth, had heard The Messiah and Il Trovatore in New Brunswick, and had just been reading Thackeray, so we felt astonishingly cosmopolitan in our table talk. It greatly pleased my sense of the fitness of things to have "the ministers to tea," and I made a custard for the event myself in emulation of bygone Pollys and Deborahs of whom I have often read. The week before, we asked Mr. and Mrs. W— to take tea with us in honor of his birthday, and aside from the fact that he inadvertently asked grace before the ice cream was brought in, thinking the meal was over, everything went off perfectly. Mrs. W— brought us four fresh eggs, some partridge berries and two kinds of jam, to express her appreciation, and Mr. W— said at supper, "Well, when I write 'Emy' that I've been takin' tea with the Doctor on my birthday—" and paused there in speechless wonder. Our neighbors grow kinder every day and more expressive of gratitude for anything we do for them. Julia P— a cooking class pupil—told me yesterday that "mamma" had a hen she wanted to kill for me if I'd like some fowl, and Mrs. Shearing came over to say that a young chicken she has been saving for a hen crowed yesterday for the first time, so she at once decided she would "give it to Mrs. Greeley." This morning Celie R— came with a dozen fresh eggs from her mother—and there could be no more self-sacrificing gift than that—and last night Steve came and offered to take our barrel

"een around to the pond" and fill it with drinking water, as the wells have again gone dry. All these things make life very pleasant. All my neighbours are so interested in my health that I am hardly allowed to take a step unsupported, and you would think I was the most fragile looking creature imaginable. Last week Mrs. Shearing invited us to her birthday party, the two nurses, Winnie Garland and the Stucklesses being the other guests. I had Livvy make a freezer of ice cream, the nurses made a cake, and H— and I wrote a song which we sang with Mrs. S— and A— to the tune of "The Low Backed Car." Result: overpowering applause and appreciation.

On Saturday I gave a birthday party for the three little Stuckless girls whose natal days are all within ten days of each other, but I've written so much that I refuse to describe it. Last night I took tea at the S's and was regaled with several delicious dishes made from Cooking Class rules. Mrs. S— is certainly as good a little soul as ever lived, and no mother could watch over her daughter more thoughtfully than she does over me. She has so much sense, too, that she makes a perfect companion, and I feel most fortunate in having her. She learned tatting under my direction in about ten minutes and is perfectly delighted with it, and does it so much better than I that I am thinking of taking lessons from her. She is going to make enough for one

of the little flannel petticoats, and last night confessed that she has sent for material to make me a baby dress after a pattern I admired. She is always saying she should "just love" to help me with the sewing, in spite of all she has to do herself. She and her husband are to breakfast with me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I take my dinners at the hospital and A— is to begin to-night spending the nights here until Hugh's return, for I can't help being afraid in true Newfoundland fashion that the house might catch on fire.

Since beginning this I have had another message from Hugh saying that he has been called to Exploits and will probably start home from there on Sunday, so a week from to-day he ought to be here, tra la.

Fred Spenser just called to say that the mail is to close to-night instead of to-morrow morning so I must hastily follow its example. By the time you get this you will probably have had your visit from mother and she will be on her way to us! Yes, it is a good world!

Saturday, March 9.

Consulted by Mrs. Patrick Mooney, who had had a "shocking bad head all winter till he rose and broke" over her ear inside where she felt it "squashin' around" and then it discharged right through her left nostril, savin' my presence.

Having telegraphed Exploits that I would come if there were any sick and being sent for by the father of a sick boy, we set out across the southern arm of Fortune Harbour to Northern Harbour and thence across the ice to Exploits, reaching there about five P. M. Ten miles for the day, all on snowshoes. Went right to see the sick boy who had a middle ear and deep abscess of the neck, which I opened under ether given by old Mrs. Manuel, whose head boasted of a crop of seven, shiny, rounded wens sticking through the sparse, white hair.

Pulled teeth for Mr. J. C. The process of extracting the first one, a lower canine, loosened the next tooth so completely that it had to come out. Having begun, the removal of each one left its neighbour without a prop, and they all promptly loosened. He suffered keen disappointment, but being a man of few words only vouchsafed a "My God" when the worst one came out, thinking long and soberly between extractions, whether he should have another out, and finally when all of his lower teeth were gone (there were only six), he came out with "'Twas the upper ones I was thinking of having out," paid me and left, a sadder and a wiser man.

Sunday, March 10.

Sunday came on one of our typical blizzards, with as heavy a fall of snow as any yet. It still

continued Monday and Monday night, blowing and drifting "wonderfully."

Spent a good part of Sunday reading Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and Tennyson, talking with the Manuels and discussing Dr. Grenfell's work.

Monday, March 11.

Saw patients at Exploits.

Tuesday, March 12.

Made the Manuels promise to leave me a cold lunch on the table, so that we could make an early start. Consequently, at six-thirty Mr. Wear and I set out for Charles' Brook across Exploits Bay. The storm of the two preceding days had left a heavy fall of snow, which had blown very rough and nobbly and somewhat hard, so that it was hard walking. We pegged on and on across what seemed to be endless ice, not stopping to take a "spell," as our feet were in such a condition that a rest made a fresh start harder. At about twelve-thirty we dragged ourselves into Charles' Brook, sixteen miles, and had a good dinner at Mr. P's, who has all records beaten for spoiled children. His son, about two years, has his own way in everything, eating and entertainment included. His father interrupted every task to go out and drive an old horse by the window for his son's edification. The only thing that was not granted was a repeated re-

quest for more medicine. His own food, and any food he could get his hands on, he shared mouthful for mouthful with a cat, or took himself after the cat had finished with it or refused it.

Being fairly rested, we decided to push on for Point Leamington, stopping once for tea at Budgell's Arm, New Bay, and crossing through Bobby's Arm to Point Leamington, which we reached at seven P. M., scarcely able to draw one foot after the other. Distance for the day, twenty-five miles, every step on snowshoes. No path.

Wednesday, March 13.

Obtained lodgings at Mrs. LeDrews, a nice, clean place. Owing to a mistake in my telegram, nobody knew of my arrival, so I went around the harbour calling at a few houses to see if anyone wanted me, and then struck out for home.

We reached Northwest Arm about one-thirty o'clock, still footsore, chronically so now, not blistered, but just as if our ankle joints were gone and our snowshoes and feet were dangling by stretched and sore tendons. We thought we would push on across to Thimble Tickles, though it had begun to snow fairly hard. Reached here at four o'clock and left again at four-fifteen, though the men said we were foolish to start on in the rough weather with eight miles to go before dark. We thought we would risk it, because we didn't want to be held up there if it was com-

ing on stormy again. We struck out with renewed energy because of our definite goal, but long before we got there it began to flag and our feet began to ache. However, it did not get any thicker, but rather let up, and after traveling across twice as many arms and necks we were sure as we did when we went out from home, we fell into Mr. Anstey's just after dark. Distance, twenty miles.

During the night it rained, though our ears were deaf to any noise. We rose late, about eight o'clock, and started on the last lap for home at nine-thirty, our legs sorer than ever.

I tried every device for shortening the journey, looking forward to a certain goal, then keeping my eyes steadily on the ground till I thought we were close to it or until it seemed I must look up, finally looking up and finding the goal had perceptibly retreated. Counting up to five hundred steps, which I thought surely would bring the goal nearer, but no, this also seemed to place greater distance between us and our viewpoint.

After crossing an arm of Badger Bay to July's Harbour, we came upon a very steep ridge over which we had to go, up through the bed of a brook. Mr. Wear looked back wearily at me and remarked, "Here is a mountainous gulch we've got to climb." I was fairly "cowed out," as the snow was very wet and at each step it seemed as if I were lifting ten pounds of snow and racket and one hundred pounds of foot. Across Sof's

Arm we dragged ourselves, making snail's pace. Finally, as we came around the head of the arm, we caught sight of the harbour and tiny specks of houses in the bare, snow-covered hills,—home a faint speck. I watched that speck for what seemed two hours before it got any larger and traveled toward it for half a day or more before it seemed within possibility of reach. Then, after a long while, we reached Denny's Point and were soon home. Really only about two miles since we first spied the harbour.

Friday and Saturday, March 15 and 16.

Our whole trip as outlined, does not seem the happiest occasion possible, but it was really happier than pictured, though it was more hard work than play, and the country through which we passed was bleak and barren. The open, frozen sea was ever inspiring and Exploits Bay with its thousand islands and smooth expanse of dazzling white, snow-covered ice, something never to forget. The road we went was about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and we walked about twenty-five more seeing sick people at our stopping places. The last three days of uninterrupted travel in which the mere putting of one foot in front of the other, became a most irksome and monotonous necessity, totaling about sixty miles of snowshoe work, was far from pure en-

joyment. To say that we were tired is unnecessary, but we were brown and hardy.

Wednesday, March 20.

Bunty brought in two telegrams this morning, one from Mr. Matthews, Kings Point, whose daughter is very sick, and another from Three Arms summoning us to see Mrs. Knight. No dog team available, but Mr. Shearing consented to take us to Sunday Cove Tickle to meet a dog team coming out from Springdale. So off we started in his side seater, F—, he and I, across Lory Bat's Pond to Jerry's Run and up through Sunday Cove Tickle. Opposite Newtown a dog team was descried hugging the shore. We stopped to parley and I ran across the ice, finding Mr. Budgell's team waiting for me. The "Run" was almost snow free so the going was splendid. I transferred teams and waved good-bye, as Mr. Shearing and F— turned around. We were "fair blown" down to Shoal Arm, the dogs speeding along at a gallop. We stopped a few minutes in Boot Harbour to see a boy and partake of a short lunch, washed down by a drink composed of one-fourth sugar, one-fourth "bake apples," one-half hot water. We arrived at Springdale at three P. M., not stopping.

It soon became clouded over and began to snow. Across the marshes the route was hard under foot until we came to a pond where the

dogs rushed ahead and splashed into the water and began swimming. They were quickly withdrawn and komatik taken around the pond, across a brook which we bridged with the sled, the dogs walking across on the thin ice which would not bear us. We joined three mail teams with nine dogs apiece and strung out for many yards, each driver shouting his characteristic jargon and calling his dogs by their names. The man in the first team stood upright, waving his arms and gesticulating to his dogs. The whole scene was most romantic, as the dusk fell and the snow fell thick and silent on the already heavily laden spruce and fir trees, while here and there glistened the beautiful, silvery trunks of clumps of birches. We reached King's Point at dark, wet and tired. Saw and quarantined two cases of typhoid. Visited many patients during the following day, which dawned clear and cold, with a furious gale of wind that quickly dried the wet snow so that it commenced to drift and filled the air like a genuine storm. It was impossible to see even a few yards, and almost impossible to stand against the fury of the blinding snow, which was like sand driving against one's face. The moment it struck against neck or cheek it froze in a crust.

Friday, after vainly trying to get a local dog team to take me to Three Arms, I had to walk to Rattling Brook. The wind and snow were much the same as the day before and I was twice taken

off my feet on the ice and blown along for some yards before I could arrest my progress and stand up. Got a team at Rattling Cove and started with the wind at our backs for Three Arms. It fairly blew us, komatik, dogs and all, down and out the Arm. The dogs could just keep ahead of the sled. It was bitter cold. Our eighteen miles through Jackson's Cove was accomplished in two and a half hours or a little less, and we arrived in Three Arms about four P. M. After supper we were called to Southern Arm and started out with dogs again. They went splendidly at night, not stopping or getting tangled. Their names were Cæsar, Buffalo, Frisk, Tansy, Tip, Carlo, Beaver, and Wrinkle,—the latter "Wrink" for short.

The next morning we started about nine o'clock for home, reaching Spencer's Dock about three, going to Southern Arm, Wild Bight, Fox's Neck to Little Ward's Harbour,—Salt Pond, Hall's Bay, Wellman's Cove, Miles' Cove, Jerry's Run. A beautiful day with a little element of excitement, as neither dogs or men knew the way across Salt Pond.

Arrived home with great joy at about three-thirty. Saw nearly twenty people and cleared about thirty-five dollars.

Monday, March 25.

Mr. Penny arrived in the evening with ten dogs to go "eento Badgers" the next day to meet moth-

er's train. Her visit has been our chief topic of conversation for some weeks.

Tuesday, March 26.

Started about nine o'clock for Sof's Arm. The dogs burst forth from the hospital and ran down the hill past Duder's and Campbell's, we holding on in wonder and fear as to whether we should ever reach the bottom. We finally did and safely, though I thought the komatik was going right through the houses.

We arrived at Sof's Arm and stopped for tea, then on to "Rooshey Pond," where the night was spent in a log cabin which Mr. Penny had built for hunting,—a one-room affair, one end occupied by a bunk built on boughs and covered with a deerskin. In the center was a stove made from a linseed oil can about eighteen inches high, with a hole cut in the top and a door to create a draught. A table stood on one side opposite a narrow door just wide enough to enter, the only air or light giver. We woke up at intervals of two or three hours or less to rebuild the fire, cut wood, chopped a hole in the lake for water, etc. The cabin was so nearly snowed in that just the top of the door and the roof was visible.

We arose betimes and started off after breakfast about six o'clock for Badgers, first going up "Rooshey" Pond about three miles, when Mr. Penny and I both froze our noses, but only

slightly, so that aside from subsequent peeling they were all right. It was bitter cold and a brisk northwest wind went right through us. Over pond after pond, through bits of green woods and over burned barrens we went till we came to the Badger Waters, and dined at the A. N. D. Camp, then went down the river to the railroad station. On our arrival we found that the train had not made connections with the steamer. The Bruce had probably gone to St. John's Tuesday night. So I went to Grand Falls to spend the day, see the mill and hospital and get on the train so as to ride to Badgers with mother. Alas! the train report next morning said the Bruce did not connect. Sadly I took the train back to Badgers to see that Mr. Penny did not get tired of waiting and leave for home, and spent the night, returning Friday to spend Sunday with Dr. Chamberlain, but for whom and "Westward Ho!" I would have perished of loneliness and disgust with the railroad company.

Pilley's Island, Friday, March 29.

There is such a bleating of goats, such a "bawlin' of fowls," such a flood of bright sunlight pouring in through our open windows, that I feel sure spring has come to the island in spite of the frozen harbour and the snow-covered hills. All the animal kingdom seems to be aroused to fresh activity. The hens are feeding busily with

an accompaniment of cheerful and contented clucks; in the brown patches of last year's grass left bare on the sunny slopes of our hill, the goats are wandering far and wide, nibbling at stray branches of evergreen "lodged" on the ground from some passing sled, and even venturing inside open doors in the exhiliration of the spring feeling in the air. (I have just heard Livvy driving one out of our laundry with good-natured "shoo-s.")

This morning I watched an unkempt pig from "up beyond Millses" plodding resolutely up the long hill from the road through the snow as though in response to a newlyheard call, for it seemed loath to turn back, when Mrs. Shearing threw stout billets at it to keep it out of her front yard. It's perfectly possible that pigs feel the "spring fret come o'er them" on such a day as this, all sunshine and stir and activity, after the long, cold silence of winter. My neighbours are shaking "mats" on their front platforms and hanging freshly washed blankets in gratitude for such "a beautiful dryin' day," and I am rejoicing in the crowing of the cocks which has a distinctly more jocund note than when it sounded forlornly from behind closed shed doors on snow-bound mornings.

And all this time poor Hugh is waiting "eento the Badgers" with Mr. Penny and the ten dogs for our long-expected mother. I won't sully such a morning with thoughts of the railway company,

but will limit my feelings to the bare statement that the express did not wait for the Bruce to reach St. John's, so that mother can't get away until Sunday night, reaching Badgers (probably) Monday morning.

Sunday, March 31.

Rained last night and Saturday. Snowed this morning and froze.

Monday, April 1, Grand Falls.

Train due at twelve-thirty. Arrived at one-twenty with mother aboard! Broke a spring directly causing a delay of one hour. Reached Badgers finally at three-thirty. Everything forgotten in the joy of at last welcoming our long-sought guest and mother.

Mr. Penny assembled the dogs, while mother and I regaled ourselves with a cup of coffee at Mrs. Coleman's. At four o'clock we started off, having packed mother in my coat and Bunty's sleeping bag and a deerskin. The dogs made a mad dash up the railroad tracks and into a store alongside. Extricated, we pursued our way up the track and oh! what a track; it ran in waves like the lash of a snapped whip. Soon we fled onward to the Badger Camp, where I stopped long enough to try to send a message back telling F— we had started. On across the Badger Ponds with the sinking sun on our left and a bitter cold

wind coming across the ice unbroken by brake or bush. As we ascended the hill to the barrens, the moon rose with one edge chopped off by the earth's shadow,—a partial eclipse. Across marshes where the slanting moonlight cast spectral shadows of the gaunt, burned trees and stumps, we sped in absolute stillness except for the "Look, look, see the fox!—Hloo! Hloo! see the bird!—Hold off! Mouse!" of Mr. Penny. Then we plunged into the green woods where the brilliant moonlight on the snow-covered firs was most wonderful. The absolute absence of any path made going precarious, the dogs dashing on opposite sides of trees and getting tangled and the komatik having to be guided through bushes and between tree trunks, the branches scraping and scouring past packages and passengers who were in constant danger of scratches and knocks. Then out on to Rushy Pond where the stillness and glory of the moonlight was like day, but more beautiful. Mr. Penny and I alighted frequently to run along and warm ourselves. At Rushy Pond Camp we halted and fed the dogs. Went to the camp, an eight by fourteen log cabin, with a small stove in one corner and a slit of a door in the end. At the other end was a bunk where mother lay down for a couple of hours and slept, while Mr. Penny and I stoked the stove and dozed. At one-thirty A. M. we started again. On arriving at Sof's Arm the dogs made a mad rush to the barn, were extri-

cated, and once more "straightened out" and put on the road again.

At five o'clock we turned the corner and saw home, and in half an hour more we drove into the back yard. F— had been expecting us all night and was at the door to greet us.

Tuesday, April 9.

Called to Paddocks Bight to see a case of measles. Ice was about three inches deep in water nearly all the way. On the way down, I hailed Mr. Wear, whom I saw coming up from Lush's Bight with Penny's dogs and a barrel of flour, made him dump the flour and take me on. I had got thoroughly soaked through by that time, and nearly froze coming home as it came on to a freeze.

Wednesday, April 10.

Clear and cold after rain and freeze. Took my skates and went out to Sof's Arm to see whether they had gone in after mother's trunk. Bunty started but the wind blew furiously in our faces and his skates were not equal to the job. I reached there, had some tea, went trouting and dressed Mr. Penny's knee and started home scarcely daring to take my eyes off the ice for a second, the wind took me along at such a pace. I had to jump cracks and look out for rough places. Twice I stopped to tighten my skates a little and in the harbour one came off. I

The Doctor's Wife Out for a Ride

Mr. Forward Giving the Doctor's Wife and Her Mother a Ride on the Harbor

Homeward Bound

was twenty minutes on the way, which was over five miles.

Thursday April 11.

Got my toboggan made and christened it back of the hospital. On the fourth trip with Steve on board, I ran into a stump and broke the head of it all up.

Gave lecture to-night at schoolhouse.

Friday, April 12.

Called to Badger Bay to see case of double pleuritis with effusion. Apparently recovering. Skated up across Sof's Arm, as usual with much wind which helped me back so that I was only an hour coming, including a walk of two miles.

Such fine going on the ice that everybody is making the most of his opportunity to haul wood. It is a frequent sight to see wood slides equipped with sails laden to their utmost capacity just flying across the harbour. One man can easily pull half a cord of wood on skates if his slide will hold it. Most of them are smaller.

Saturday, April 13.

Mended the toboggan and curled it again, making it a foot shorter. Goes like the wind. Took Jack Roberts down from the very top and thought he would bounce off the entire way down. Invited the Scouts to go Monday at their regular meeting.

Monday, April 15.

Went to Badgers again. Tapped both chests, —three pints of fluid. Came back flying on skates, though ice was getting very thin and narrows were covered with water.

Lester Barnes was the only one who came tobogganing. Bunty and I had tried to stay on over the regular track I had made without the slightest success.

Tuesday, April 16.

Bunty off to King's Point to a typhoid case. We are at home anxiously awaiting events.

Wednesday, April 17.

Mother's trunk came after a thousand vicissitudes and complications. A great many oranges and grape fruit though on the road over three weeks were in perfect condition.

Friday, April 19.

We fly the Stars and Stripes at the hospital. I go trouting at Gull Pond and after chopping through about three feet of ice, give it up and Miss Forbes and I have a little pistol practice.

Stopped at Head's Pond on the way home and caught one measly little trout. Not another bite.

Snowing fast when I got back. Snowed into the night, about three inches in all.

Saturday, April 20.

Our first wedding anniversary. Celebrated by having Bunty to dinner and the Stucklesses in after dinner to eat ice cream and sing all the old time songs.

Only four Scouts appeared at the meeting tonight. The other were presumably "copying" or "copping," that is jumping about on large pieces of ice broken up about the wharf, an amusement of the highest sort. The object being not to fall in, the result, soaking feet and legs to the knees at least, and generally a plunge. The boys are said still to keep up the practice which Mr. Shearing tells of his boyhood when he used to fall in the water, take his clothes off on the ice, wring them and put them back again semi-dry, before he dared go home.

Sunday, April 21.

Mother and I went to church. Mr. Stuckless read the service.

Monday, April 22.

Anxiously waiting for this week's mail to see if Dr. Wakefield has a substitute to take Bunty's place. All our spring orders await his and Dr. Grenfell's reply. Nothing heard from the government grant.

The hospital library seems to be a great success. Only one person has failed to return a book

on time so far, and that book was temporarily lost.

Tuesday, April 23.

David McLean Greeley, est. Mrs. Stuckless ran up the flag of Newfoundland and the Stars and Stripes on the same pole. Great rejoicing on the island.

Wednesday, April 24.

When in my own I hold my David's hand,
I cry a truce to Time and Grief and Tears,
And though 'tis winter in this northern land,
When in my own I hold my David's hand,
I know the earth by fairer sky is spanned
Than ever shone on all my happy years.
When in my own I hold my David's hand,
I cry a truce to Time and Grief and Tears.

Friday, April 26.

Telegraphed Dr. Blake about a surgeon to take Bunty's place as Dr. Grenfell left the matter with him when he went to Europe this week.

Very mild day. Went across the harbour in the morning and in the afternoon it was not safe to go anywhere. A horse and man went through to-day and were pulled out.

Saturday, April 27.

Scout meeting. Five faithful members present.

Sunday, April 28.

Very mild and showery. Narrows entirely open.

Wednesday, May 1.

Prospero left St. John's for her first trip north this spring.

Friday, May 10.

Left on Prospero for St. John's, arriving Monday morning. Beautiful day. Many icebergs.

Sunday, May 12.

More icebergs and beautiful weather. Played five games of checkers with Captain Kean, all with disastrous results to me, at which he got up and left for the bridge in contemptuous but silent superiority.

Monday, May 13.

Arrived in St. John's. Repaired to the "Balsam Place." Filled with actors. Telephoned Wakefield's. Invited to stay with them.

Saw Poor Commissioner, who informed me Pilley's Island grant began next July, so decreed by legislature. I could get no money and legislature would have to rescind vote and make it retroactive, if I wanted any. Went away in great perplexity, but decided to see the Colonial Secretary, whom I found a most delightful and agreeable person, for before leaving the office I had an order for five hundred dollars and extras for pauper hospital patients.

Friday, May 31.

Miss Hemenway, the new volunteer nurse, arrived from Boston to take Miss Forbes' place.

Saturday, June 1.

Mother leaves to-morrow.

Sunday, June 2.

Mother, Miss Forbes, Miss Gleason and Bunty left this morning amid "tears and cheers."

Friday, June 7.

When we looked out over the harbour after breakfast this morning we were thrilled by the sight of a small steamer flying several bright pennants, conspicuous among them the flag of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishers which told us it was the "Strathcona" on her way down north from St. John's where she had gone to meet Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell. This was the first steamer, aside from the mail boats, that had entered our harbour since our arrival and it was especially pleasant to know that it was bringing the Grenfells to us as guests. I flew over to Mrs. Shearing's to see if she could let me have a chicken for dinner, and the good woman at once sacrificed one of her best in honor of the occasion.

Dr. Grenfell was most kind and helpful in the long talk that we had with him in regard to the

future of the hospital, and before leaving he wrote to Miss White (Secretary of the Boston Branch), asking the Mission to pay five hundred dollars for expenses of nurse and motor boat this summer. His sympathetic attitude did us great good and filled us with renewed energy for the summer's work.

VIII.

OUT THROUGH THE NARROWS

June 22, 1912.

THE Church threatens to interfere with my correspondence again this week, this time in the person of Parson E—, who has come up to rescue the members of the Church of England from the wiles of Methodism by holding a service in the little chapel that you will remember so attracted your attention, mother. He asked me some time ago when I saw him at the wharf, whether I would play the organ for him and I rashly assented, thinking he would probably never have the service, but this morning in he came and made a long call and said he would perhaps hold one this evening. I hasten to reassure you all that for the honor of the family I had him give me a list of the hymns so that I shouldn't break down entirely in each one. It was interesting to see this representative of the Church of England, after having lived on terms of intimacy last week with two Methodys. There is a pleasant worldliness about the parson which is refreshing after the ministerial reflections of Brothers A— and P—, who entertained us with statistics showing the superior numbers of Meth-

odists in every district, their excellence in the examinations for which children of all denominations sit, the number of persons who "Came to the penitent form" at the last revival they held and other items of a similar character; while the parson showed great interest in the baby jacket I was embroidering, saying that his wife was "often engaged in that sort of work," and described with great enjoyment his vegetable and flower gardens and the "small circular garden in front of our school where we have developed the finest sort of English daisies, with pansies in the center." I feel particularly warm towards him at present as it is evening and he is not holding the dreaded service; why, I know not.

Yesterday we had a disappointment in the failure to appear of Miss Cabot who sent no explanatory message or letter, so we are wondering what the matter can be. Poor, dear Miss Hemenway had spent hours making a room charmingly inviting for Miss C— with flowered muslin hangings,—we bought the material at "Mills's,"— a blue and white bowl of purple violets, a white cover for the bed and many other thoughtful little touches which transformed the dinginess mother deplored into a bower-like freshness. She had a delicious supper ready with a centrepiece of flowers on the table and all the mission box doilies which I had given her, and the whole hospital was shining with cleanliness and she was full of eager anticipation. She had invited H—

and me to supper so we exhausted ourselves in praising every detail and had a very pleasant time.

Friday, June 28.

Miss Cabot arrived on the Prospero to take Miss Gleason's place.

Thursday, July 4.

Celebrated the Fourth with gay party, singing American National songs. Mr. and Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Stuckless, and Mr. Shearing all joined loudly in the Gem of the Ocean and Star-Spangled Banner.

Friday, July 5.

Wire from Aunt May saying she would be here to-night on Clyde at eight o'clock. Great excitement among hospital staff.

Friday, July 12.

Prospero came bringing Miss Gray, who stayed only a few minutes.

Motor boat christened to-day, the "Pill Box." Nurses made a red lettered pennant, and we all sang to the tune of John Brown's Body,

The "Pill Box's" pennant now is flying in the breeze,
The "Pill Box" is launched to sail on fair or stormy seas,
The "Pill Box" is ready to bring health to all disease
At the good old P. I. H.

Then hip, hip, hurrah for the "Pill Box"
And the good old P. I. H.!

The Christening of the "Pill Box"

Pilley's Island From Across the Harbor

The Stranger We Welcomed in April

Saturday, August 3.

Went to Point Anson, Shoal Arm, to see old lady Hilliar, who has general anæmia. Fine trip in boat. Mrs. Roberts and Mary accompanied us.

Sunday, August 4.

Service at hospital. Dr. Murphy's voice a distinct addition. He is here doing some eye work for our patients.

Monday, August 5.

Went out with Mr. Shearing and Mr. Miller in a skiff to get a load of ice for the ice house. With considerable difficulty, we shot off about half a ton of large blocks from the iceberg in the narrows and brought them in. Beautiful, clear, aseptic, arctic ice, or, as we say, "hoice." While we were out the iceberg was splitting and cracking and roaring near by as "she" grounded, or as a piece melted and broke off.

Tuesday, August 6.

Picnic to Hubbly's Cove. Strawberry picking. Clam digging.

Thursday, August 8.

Went to Southern Arm, Three Arms, etc., in motor boat with Mr. Forward. Had a splendid trip. Brought two patients to Dr. Murphy.

Thursday, August 15.

Went to Exploits, taking Miss Hemenway as far as Cottle's Cove, where she did some nursing.

Friday, August 16.

Operated at Fortune Harbour.

Dr. Grenfell writes neither he nor mission can take any financial risk in this hospital.

Saturday, August 17.

Wrote an article for the paper trying to get one thousand dollars for a surgeon to run the hospital this winter.

Sunday, August 18.

Discharged Steve, who has been hospital orderly.

Started for Triton but propeller shaft broke off in the harbour just off the wharf.

Monday, August 19.

Larry Keating commences work at the hospital.

Wednesday, August 21.

Wired Cleveland, Ohio, for propeller and shaft, as none was obtainable in St. John's.

Friday, August 23.

Clyde and Prospero both in at once. A great event for the island.

En Route from Botwood, Newfoundland,
to England,
On Board "Tritonia,"
October 25, 1912.

In spite of the fact that Emily and Hugh are sitting next to me painstakingly, and I may say painfully, picking out "Fair Harvard" on the "Hauto'arp"—I still can't forget the vernacular—I shall try to collect my thoughts enough to write you of our past and present and probable future. I want to go back to our last days at Pilley's Island, for it seems months since I last wrote you, and no wonder, when you consider how much has happened during the last two or three weeks after months of "islanding it" with no excitement except the arrival of the "Clyde."

Perhaps Emily wrote you of how uncertain we were as to the day of our departure, since Hugh had told Mr. Parnell at Exploits to come for us in his motor boat on the first fine day after the Tritonia reached Botwood. So for several days we scanned first the sky and then the narrows and held ourselves ready to start on a moment's notice. There was a great deal to do, of course, and so many odd bits of sewing that I should never have got them done if Margaret hadn't been an accomplished needlewoman. My chef d'oeuvre was my brown suit skirt which I fitted over by taking out the back breadth so that it looks really modern and is much trimmer and neater. My brown cloth hat is also a great success, made in

the close fitting waste basket shape, and Mrs. Crowe admired it so much that she asked to take the pattern. Dr. B., Hugh's successor at Pilley's Island, took his meals with us, so that we could fill him full of information about what people to beware of and which to trust. The poor chap is engaged and was so crazy to have the lady come on and be married after he saw "how well you're fixed" as he said to Hugh, that it was quite pathetic. We liked him very much and I think he'll get on easily with the people, for he is a farmer's son and used to this type he says, and his manner is gentle and pleasant with them. Monday afternoon Mrs. Forward came over, bringing numerous farewell parcels which touched us greatly. There was a green and gold shaving mug for H, a cup and saucer marked "A present for a good child," in gilt letters, from Mr. F. for David, a pretty scarf of silk fibre for me, and a comb and brush bag for Emily. There was also a glass of fresh clouted cream, and after supper both she and Mr. F. came over again, bringing some fresh butter which she had just made for our lunch. Mrs. Shearing gave us a large hooked mat, and Mrs. Ginn said she was going to send me one of a pattern that I had admired. Annie L— made me a gorgeous sofa pillow in yellow and red and Mrs. L— actually shed tears when she said goodbye. Mrs. Roberts gave us a picture of her darling children, and Mary said their father had told them they were losing their best friends.

Everyone was very good about telling H— how sorry they were to lose him, and Dr. Benson said all the people he met had nothing but praise to give of his work. I am telling you all these details for I know you have been afraid that the Doctor would be given no spoken reward for his work, but I think he feels very happy over it all now that it is finished.

Tuesday morning, as I was dressing, I suddenly heard the quick choo-choo-choo of the motor boat that Mr. Parnell owns, and I can tell you that my heart beat faster than it had for many a day. I sent Margaret flying to the hospital to tell Hugh, who soon appeared. Mrs. Shearing came over to help and I let her dress the baby as the poor woman was in such a state of tears and regret that she needed some comfort. Mr. Roberts and Larry Keating helped Hugh down with the baggage and we were soon through breakfast and ready to leave. The Doctor's wife allowed herself one moment of sentiment when she ran upstairs at the last moment to say "Room where David was born, good-bye!" and gave a last tender look at his nursery. It was hard to leave the house, so full of happy associations, and I think often now of the number of kind and friendly voices that have echoed in it during the last year and a half. It is needless to say that we shall always be more and more glad to have gone to Pilley's Island, and I believe no other single experience will ever teach

us more of the depth and the sweetness of life. But I mustn't keep our neighbours waiting on the wharf. Emily wrote you, she says, of the crowd that gathered to speed our parting. I was a proud woman as I sat in the boat holding my son who was the centre of everyone's interest and who gazed up at them all with his friendliest smile. Then Mr. Parnell started the engine, and all the men took off their hats and waved them, and the women waved their handkerchiefs, and David's hand was waved for him, and so we sailed away through the narrows and out of sight of the Doctor's house on the hill, and of Mrs. Vierge and Mrs. Denney waving from their door-steps, and Pilley's Island was gone forever.

APPENDIX

Written for the Boston friends who, at the suggestion of Miss Grace W. Minns, supplied us with many records and a Victrola.

An oblong wooden box it stood
  Within the Doctor's house "down north,"
What wonder that the neighbours stared
  To hear the voices that poured forth!

We fitted in a wooden point,
  We turned a handle, moved a key,
And lo, the wondering room was filled
  With floods of lovely melody.

Of melody that moved slow minds,
  Long unaccustomed to delight,
With visions of another world
  More warm, more beautiful, more bright,

Than that which lay outside our doors,
  Snowbound and rocky, bare and cold,
Unfired by that pulsing life
  Of which the southern minstrel told.

If only he could have a voice
  More magic even than the rest,
How many scenes could he describe
  In which as loved and honored guest

He entertained the fisher folk,
  The old, the young, the sick, the well,
And charmed away cold-handed care
  From those who came beneath his spell!

How often have I seen a glow
  Upon the pallid cheek of pain
As thru' the hospital there stole
  The healing of some loved refrain!

The pale hand on the coverlid
  That beat the time, I see it now,
Ah, friend, I pay my tribute here,—
  None went more gallantly than thou.

And then the children! How they loved
  To have the jolly Scotchman sing,
They did not guess 'twas blither far
  For us to hear their laughter ring.

How bright their eyes with dancing mirth,
  As near the minstrel's side they pressed
And gave their verdict heartily,
  "We like the funny ones the best."

But often when the violin's soul
  Awoke beneath a master's hand,
Some toil-worn parent sighed applause,
  "Oh, ma'am, 'tis beautiful, 'tis grand!"

How wondrous was that night of nights,
  When next the glittering Christmas tree
The minstrel voiced the children's joy,
  Their pent-up, perfect ecstasy.

And when we in their Mystery Play
  Revealed the Manger's sacred sight,
We showed them through the minstrel's voice
  The meaning of the Holy Night.

Dear, happy time, forever gone!
  Yet warm and real in memory,
Whose chest through all the coming years
  Will open to the minstrel's key.

Perhaps within a splendid hall
With gilded dome and columns high,
The cello's god-like notes will tell
The sweet, sad tale of Butterfly.

When straightway all the scene will fade,
The gold and lights will vanish quite,
And we shall see a storm-bound land
Snow-swept within the northern night.

Then through the roaring of the wind
The cry of dogs arises clear
With shouts of men—oh, welcome sound
That greets a lonely, listening ear!

Heap on more wood, though brightly now
The birch logs crackle into blaze,
While out across the harbour ice
Our friendly candle sends its rays.

No terror has the raging storm
Tho' loud and shrill its voices swell,
Quick, minstrel, play his best loved song,
The Doctor comes, and all is well!

* * * * * * * *

Oh, you, who sent the minstrel forth
To make rough places plain,
I would our hearts could sing like him
Their full united strain.

The simple language of the North
Can frame no graceful phrase
To tell you how the minstrel made
Bright nights and golden days.

We cannot give, as you have given,
That which shall feed the soul,
The gratitude our lips express
Seems but a scanty dole.

But though no music helps to voice
The tribute we would bring,
Receive our thanks, receive our thanks,
You who have made us sing!

Extract from Dr. Grenfell's Recommendation to the Boston Committee of the Grenfell Mission, in the winter of 1911.

The idea of asking Dr. Greeley to go to Green Bay is suggested by the fact that our medical staff are aware that the people of the large bays around Newfoundland are badly in need of efficient, up-to-date medical work. This is certain anyhow, because the local doctors cannot do justice to patients by visiting round such scattered districts, by the fact that also in many districts the people have sent us petitions asking for us to take up work in their bays, owing to the drunkenness or inefficiency of their doctors. Some have accompanied their petitions with lists of families willing to pay four dollars per year for medical work, and to pay in addition for drugs and operations.

Pilley's Island being central in Green Bay, and being the first from which such a petition reached us, when Dr. Greeley offered his services, I suggested he should write to Green Bay and hear what the people had to say. They wired him, asking him to come right on.

When a doctor has expended a large amount of money, and the necessary years of life to qualify for good work, unless he is endowed with wealth, he can neither be expected to pay for the

privilege of an opportunity to work or to give his services, without the apparatus to enable him to do good work. He cannot be expected to dole out pills like an ordinary dispensing chemist, or sink into the position of a quack doctor because he cannot attain the results that he knows can be and ought to be obtained if he had the outfit that he has been accustomed to.

In Newfoundland, the large hospitals at St. John's and at St. Anthony, the two opposite ends of the island, serve for purposes which a small one, such as is proposed, probably will not be able to meet; and their work will become better for the fact that numbers of cases that now come to them can be locally treated. On the other hand, neither of these hospitals can accommodate the number of patients that seek their treatment. Moreover, there are many cases of an acute nature that are materially injured by the delay and expense of the long travel to reach them. Thirdly, considerable suffering and misery is caused to those who love them by sick folk having to undertake this long travel and possibly die far from all their loved ones and never be seen again. Moreover, many will do better in the country and will cost less per capita to attend than in the city; also, many of these people before they set out, don't know what is the matter and whether they are fit to travel or in need of hospital treatment, in which way much loss is incurred by them. Also, there are in these bays

no places at which modern diagnosis can be obtained, as there are no X-ray apparatus or pathological laboratories, such as a small hospital of this kind would surely soon secure.

These bay hospitals would, to my mind, not need to be supported after they were first started by charity from the outside world. They certainly need outside aid to organize and start properly; and that help, a large organization, like the Labrador Medical Mission, ought to be able to give. The permanence of these bay hospitals must depend on the people in the bay; a committee must be organized, a regular plan must be worked out in conjunction with any local and medical men round the bay; that will enable them to form a permanent organization so that the ordinary causes that make hospitals difficult and impossible may be avoided,—such as patients who insist on being admitted when it is not advisable or necessary.

The idea of Dr. Greeley going to Green Bay is, therefore, purely experimental, to see if the place is suitable, if such a work is possible, and if it can be made self-supporting. It is hoped that if his report justifies it, the work would become permanent, and the example copied in other bays. It is not the intent to pauperize districts by raising money outside in America or England for maintenance; but to help them to help themselves by starting the hospital. Every man in the district will have to pay, as usual, the four

dollars per year for the medical officer, and as well the cost of treatment, if he can afford it, at rates controlled by the doctors and the local committee in consultation. If they cannot pay, they should be treated free, or sent on to the government-supported hospitals. The government could give a small grant annually according to their custom, but I should consider that these hospitals could depend on the generosity of the people in the bays themselves.

I have tried for the last two years to find a good surgeon for out-port districts, but while I can easily find them to join the staff of the Mission, which offers them its backing in a hospital, I have hitherto been unsuccessful until Dr. Greeley and Dr. Webster offered their services to one. The Labrador Medical Mission does not see its way so far to add permanently any additional expenses to its annual budget, nor that any such addition is yet advisable or necessary; but it desires to coöperate and lend such aid and advice as its long experience enables it to give. The future of this experiment will depend, so far as the Mission is concerned, on the final reports of Doctors Webster and Greeley as to (1) their willingness to coöperate, (2) their ability to carry on, and (3) the amount of need existing for continuance.

Toronto, June 14, 1911.

DEAR GREELEY:—

Yours from Green Bay just received. Very glad you find things justify anyhow a four months' visit. I am a most worried person of late and I get the blues in a small way as to how projects will eventuate. I do pray most sincerely your generous gift of time and labor may repay you amply. It is at least giving you another taste of the truest joy of human life,—that, in my estimation, is its true dignity and justification—viz: That we can put something into life to help others, which I believe is the true and *only real* expression of our faith in our sonship of God.

My kindest regards to your wife.

I have had a letter to-day from the English Mission. They say very definitely they will not accept any further financial responsibility. That if Pilley's Island gets a hospital I must see they or the government provide for it, and that all we can do is to do what we can to help,—*accepting no liability financially.* I'll see you later and talk it over with you face to face.

The launch you can have is at Forteau. I must get some boys, however, to take her to you.

Yours,

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Report Sent to Grenfell Mission Directors and to the Premier of Newfoundland, October, 1912.

The Pilley's Island Hospital was organized in November, 1911. Active medical and surgical work began November 15, 1911.

The property consists of a former hotel building leased annually from the Pilley's Island Pyrites Company. A permanent lease or purchase of the property was impossible, because of the chaotic state of the mining company. After communicating with the liquidator and manager, however, the manager here assured us that no difficulties would arise and that probably a permanent occupation of the building would be possible.

Only slight alterations were necessary in order to make the building suitable as a hospital. It is fitted for ten patients, but under pressure could accommodate fifteen. It also has accommodations for a doctor, two nurses and one servant. One small ward of two beds is fitted for the care of patients with contagious diseases. There is an excellent operating room and sterilizing room.

The water supply for washing, cooking, and scrubbing is very adequate, there being a pump connection with a deep well directly opposite the hospital. Drinking water is obtained from a well about one hundred and fifty yards away.

Sewage disposal is made by an underground wooden drain, which empties into a deep crevasse in the hill and thence into the ocean.

The admission and care of patients is governed by the following charges and rules:

Patients are admitted with any disease. If they are not able to pay the regular charges they are asked to present a magistrate's order; then they are admitted as free patients. All paupers, of course, receive free treatment.

In-patients pay the following charges:

Three dollars a week for board. Five dollars a week for board and medical treatment. Surgical operations and dressings are charged for according to the time and materials used.

Surgical operations command prices in a rising scale; minor operations and operations not requiring a general anæsthetic, three dollars and under. Operations of a major character or requiring a general anæsthetic, three dollars to twenty-five dollars. Out-patients coming to the surgery are charged the nominal fee of fifty cents for a complete physical examination. Medicine is dispensed at rates only slightly above cost.

Patients are visited in their homes at the rate of fifty cents a mile, counting the distance in one direction only. Surgical operations are not included in this fee.

Patients on the island subscribing five dollars a year are allowed five visits to their families, and

free visits to the surgery, but pay for all their medicines.

Number of Patients Treated in Ten Months.

North side of bay	11
Middle of bay	61
South side of bay	18
Total	90

Result of Treatment.

Benefited	52
Completely relieved	23
Not benefited	15
Total	90

Classification of Patients.

Medical	26
Surgical	64
Total	90

Average length of stay in hospital, two weeks.

Of course a ten months' experience is entirely inadequate in making definite conclusions in regard to an experiment of this kind, but there are certain general considerations which may be of interest. The problem which we set about to try to prove was to what extent a hospital in Green Bay could be made self-supporting. The chief difficulties in the work were the attitude and pre-

vious training of the people. For many previous generations they had been accustomed to shift for themselves, and had grown to believe that a doctor was a luxury most of the time, a convenience occasionally in very severe sicknesses, but never a necessity. During the present generation what hospital treatment they sought was entirely free. To try to interest them in a hospital largely paid for by themselves, has been very up-hill work, the attitude being that the government or the mission ought to pay for their hospitals. The attitude of the mission was that we could not call upon them to stand behind us for one cent of money. They furnished two unsalaried physicians, one for six months and one for a year and a half, and a salaried nurse. The government took the stand, and rightly, that if they gave any considerable support, the hospital would have to be a free hospital. Therefore, the first year's work was undertaken by the physicians in charge at their own financial risk. We have demonstrated to our own satisfaction that a hospital can largely pay for itself, and under the arrangement promised us by the government, can be undertaken by any physician without financial loss, and by an ambitious physician with a good prospect of a reasonable salary for himself.

In an analysis of the work it is seen that the in-patients at the hospital do not pay for running the hospital, but the chief income is from the outside practice in visiting the sick in the district.

The present attitude of the mission is that they will do their utmost to obtain a suitable staff of doctors and nurses to run the hospital.

The present attitude of the government is that it will give one thousand dollars a year outright and guarantee another thousand a year in case of need. This insures against loss as any physician can make both ends meet with two thousand a year, and ought to pay himself a moderate salary.

There are other ways in which the government might help. First, in maintaining telegraph service, which we have not had at all this summer. It does not seem unreasonable with only three hospitals on the island open to the general public, that the coastal boats should call at these hospitals. And yet Pilley's Island was refused as a port of call to one line, though this boat line made stops at less important places on either side of Pilley's Island.

We earnestly beg the Government to remedy this condition as we feel that it would permanently insure the success of the undertaking. We take pleasure in expressing our appreciation and gratitude for their coöperation in the past and their promise of help in the future.

(Signed.) HUGH P. GREELEY, M.D.

Pilleys Island, Notre Dame Bay, 1910.

DR. W. GRENFELL, Deep Sea Mission,

DEAR SIR:

May we, the undersigned residents of settlements between Leading Tickles and Springdale inclusive, respectfully beg to intimate that having in the past experienced and suffered in no very impalpable degree consequent upon the want of a resident doctor centrally located between the above mentioned settlements, we would earnestly appeal to your humane and philanthropic consideration in the hope that you may be pleased to extend a branch of Deep Sea Mission as decided, and we, on our part, faithfully promise to aid, help and maintain such doctor by an annual fee of $— per capita.

Signed, WILLIS FORWARD,
JOHN SHEARING,
E. C. STUCKLESS,
and 125 others.

Triton,.....A. W. SIMMS,
JAMES FUDGE,
ANDREW WINDSOR,
and 55 others.

Roberts Arm,.....JOHN HEWLITT,
and 7 others.

Dark Tickle,.....JOSEPH FUDGE,
and 8 others.

Sunday Cove Island,.....BENJAMIN SEAR,
GEORGE WELLMAN,
and 45 others.

NOTE.—Similar petitions were sent to Springdale, Little Bay Islands, Newtown, Leading Tickles and other settlements, each one returning the petition with a list of names, and opposite, the amount each man promised to give annually for the support of the Mission Doctor. These petitions were not received in the original letter to Dr. Grenfell.

Printed in United States of America

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 519 741 2